



No. 441.—VOL. XXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS WINIFRED EMERY (MRS. CYRIL MAUDE),

*Who has now happily recovered from her severe illness, and is playing the leading lady's part in "The Second in Command," at the Haymarket Theatre, with her accustomed cleverness and charm. By the way, Mr. Cyril Maude, the proud possessor of a son and heir, will now be "Second in Command" in private as well as in public life. This Photograph is by Alfred Ellis and Walery, of Baker Street, W.*



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The King's and Queen's Medals—The Expansion of the "Upper Ten": Henley and Lord's—The Spread of Clubland—The American Yachts.*

THE KING will make yet one more distribution of war-medals on the Horse Guards Parade before the end of the Season comes and the new Royal Yacht is put into commission as a floating home at Cowes and afterwards carries its Royal passenger to Hamburg. His Majesty knows the pleasure it gives to the men who have fought for Crown and Country to receive their reward from the Royal hands, and that a medal so presented becomes doubly prized and is handed down as an heirloom, and he does not spare himself the fatigue which the presentation of the thousands of little rounds of silver occasions. The East Kent Company of Yeomen, which will be on parade, amongst others, to receive their medals, was raised and sent out by Lord Harris, and behaved very gallantly.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra held her parade of ceremony when the Queen's Jubilee Nurses assembled at the London Scottish Drill Hall and marched thence to Marlborough House to receive their certificates. The nurses had gone through a dress-rehearsal of their ceremony—just as the Guards do when any State function has to be carried out—and, in their uniforms of dark blue and white, looked very soldierly, if such a word is applicable to the gentler sex.

"For I belong to the Upper Ten," a music-hall singer used to chant some twenty years ago, and at that time the figures ten thousand were supposed to represent the numbers of the upper classes in London—in fact, the Club world. "What should the numbers be computed at now, and how many times have the 'Upper Ten' been multiplied in the past quarter of a century?" was a question I asked myself on Friday last. I went down to Henley to see the great race between the Pennsylvania and Leander crews, and it seemed to me that all London was on the water. Mayfair in a hat which resembled a rose-garden was being punted by Pall Mall in flannels, and the course was a veritable human flower-bed. The "Upper Ten" twice told was there in dinghies and punts and canoes, on the lawns of the Bath and Isthmian and Grosvenor Clubs, and on the roofs of the long line of houseboats. By tea-time I was at Lord's watching from one of the boxes in the New Stand Munn and Williams cautiously bringing the Oxford total of runs up to and past the Cambridge score, and in the stands, which now almost encircle the ground, on the coaches and carriages, and moving in many streams along the broad, circular walk, was almost a similar gentle crowd to that I had left at Henley, except that, instead of the pink of the Leander and the red-and-blue of the Americans, which were the most noticeable colours amongst the variegated crowd at Henley, the light blue and the dark blue that flaunted from the flag-poles round the cricket-ground were reflected in the dresses of the ladies. Nineteen thousand was the figure at which good judges fixed the numbers which were at Lord's, and, of these, fifteen could certainly claim to be of the "Upper Ten."

With the expansion of the "Upper Ten" has come the spreading of the boundaries of Clubland. Pall Mall had at first almost a monopoly of the Clubs, and then St. James's Street came to be dotted with the great meeting-places of cultured man. Now, the houses which are not Clubs in those two great streets are almost the exceptions, and Piccadilly is gradually becoming a thoroughfare of Clubland, from the Turf in the East to the Wellington in the West. The ladies are vigorously disputing the possession of Dover Street as a Clubbable site with the men, and few squares or avenues within a mile radius of Piccadilly have been able to keep the Club promoter at bay. Without counting the smaller fry, there are now in London more than a hundred Club-houses of the first importance for the sex that invented Clubs, while the ladies can count more palatial meeting-places devoted entirely to their use than there are fingers on two hands.

All England watched with sympathetic interest the trials in Southern waters of Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger for the America Cup, and sympathised with him when accidents disabled the two *Shamrocks*. America has been going through somewhat the same experience, for the *Constitution*, which probably is to meet *Shamrock II.* as the defender of the Cup, has disappointed her owners, while the *Columbia*, which has been used as a trial yacht, very narrowly escaped an accident almost similar to that which occurred on *Shamrock II.*, Captain Barr's (her skipper's) quickness in realising the position and luffing alone enabling him to save the spars and gear of his vessel from going overboard.

The *Columbia* having repaired her damages, and the *Constitution* having had the necessary alterations made to her sails, which were, at first, misfits, are now engaged in a series of four races with the *Independence*, Mr. Lawson's yacht, which hails from Boston, and which claimed a right to try her speed against the cracks for the honour of being the defender of the Cup.

Cordial congratulations to my worthy *Sketch* colleague, Keble Howard, on his successful début as a playwright at the brilliant Court matinée Mr. Holmes Kingston gave in aid of the Sailors' Charities. Neatly constructed "The Patent Love-Lock" proved a duologue full of humour and human nature, one of the brightest, indeed, of curtain-raisers; and it was capitally enacted by Miss Lilian Braithwaite and Mr. Oswald Yorke. Sweet Edna May was among the pretty actresses present, and Madame Bernhardt was among the entertainers.

## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

*Henley Regatta—The Grand Challenge—Americans and Belgians—The Final Heat—The Goblets and the Diamonds—The Varsity Match—A Record of Centuries—The Champion County—Great Bowlers—Gentlemen versus Players.*

THERE are certain occasions in the year when "The Man in the Street" likes to get away from the pavement, and, when he can manage it, Henley Regatta is decidedly one of them. There was an immense deal of excitement over the Grand Challenge Cup, which seems in danger of being elevated to the uncomfortable eminence of an international race, which it was never intended to be. There were only three crews which the public took any interest in—Leander, the Pennsylvanians, and the Belgians—for New College, Oxford, London, and Thames were not considered to have any chance.

It was a pity that Leander drew against the Club Nautique in the second round, as, had the Belgians been pitted against the Americans, we should have witnessed a splendid race, even harder and closer than those which decided the Cup. Some people held that the Belgians were better than the Pennsylvanians, but I fancy that the latter would have won by a few feet. Anyhow, both crews made a gallant fight of it, and the Americans especially were heartily welcomed by the crowd and loudly cheered for their plucky rowing.

The scene when the last heat for the Grand was rowed last Friday beggars description. The race was followed with the keenest interest, and at the start the Americans went ahead. But before Fawley Leander took the lead, and steadily drew away in spite of the most gallant efforts on the part of the Americans, who rowed a losing race with the utmost determination. Leander won by a length with a bit in hand, and thoroughly deserved the magnificent ovation they received. At the same time, "The Man in the Street" congratulates the Pennsylvanians most heartily on their pluck and spirit.

There was another race in which foreigners rowed against Englishmen, and that was the Silver Goblets; but it fell rather flat after the great race, and, moreover, everyone expected that the two Balliol men, Warre and Hale, would win. Lieutenant Fox's win in the Diamonds seems to me to deserve more notice than it has received. He was not quite fit, and yet he beat the veteran Blackstaffe with some ease, and in the final heat simply ran away from Ashe, who is also an old and experienced sculler. It will be remembered *The Sketch* was to the fore last week with a vivid photograph of Fox sculling.

At Lord's the Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Match took place on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. It ended in a draw, as was natural with weak bowling and plenty of good batting. It is curious, though, how seldom this match has been left unfinished. Sixty-seven matches have been played, and until 1899 only three had been drawn. These were the first match, in 1827, which was a one-day affair; 1844, when it rained hard; and 1888, when it was so wet that only two days' play was possible. But for the last three years the match has been drawn owing to heavy scoring.

This year two centuries were made. E. R. Wilson made 118 in Cambridge's first innings, and C. H. B. Marsham made 100 not out in Oxford's second innings. Wilson is, I believe, the brother of C. E. M. Wilson, who made 115 for Cambridge in 1898. The first century was made by the late William Yardley for Cambridge in 1870, and Yardley was the only man who ever scored two centuries in the match. The highest score ever made was 171 for Oxford in 1900 by R. E. Foster. Three hundreds were scored in 1892, and two each in 1876, 1886, 1887, 1898, and 1901. In all, twenty-five centuries have been made, fourteen for Oxford and eleven for Cambridge.

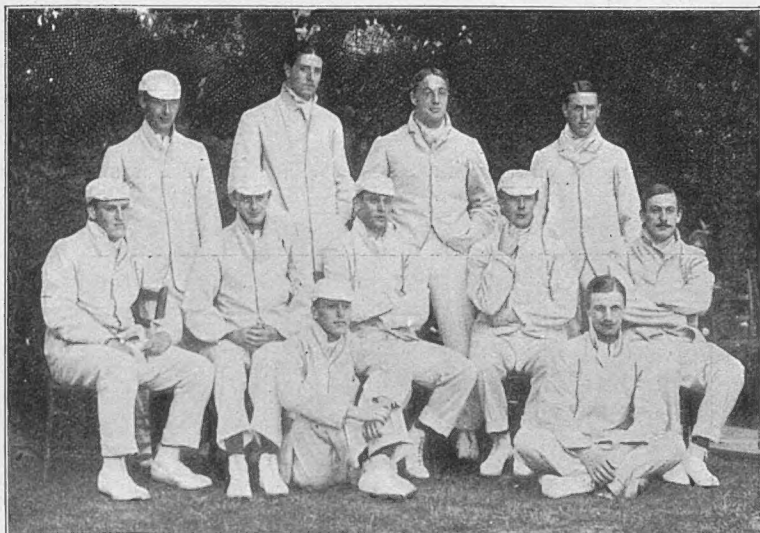
Yorkshire made hay of Leicestershire in the match last week, winning by an innings and 247 runs. Taylor and Mitchell were in great form, and both scored over a century, while Rhodes and Hirst bowled magnificently, and took nine and ten wickets respectively in the two innings. They completely mastered the Leicestershire batting, except when Knight and King were in, in the second innings. It is rather surprising that Mitchell was not chosen to play for the Gentlemen *versus* the Players.

Earlier in the week, Hirst and Rhodes, with Wainwright to help them in the second innings, got Sussex out for an aggregate of 207 in the two innings, a fine performance, and so enabled Lord Hawke and the other batsmen to win a victory by ten wickets. Yorkshire have easily proved themselves the Champion County this year, and are unsurpassed with both ball and bat.

The great match, Gentlemen *versus* Players, brought out two splendid elevens at Lord's on Monday. If L. C. H. Palaret and Frank Mitchell had been on the Gentlemen's side, we should have had a splendid array of batsmen, but what the Amateurs sorely need are bowlers. A fair bowler can easily be coached into a good one with pains, but few amateurs have the time to spare, and consequently bowlers have to be born and not made, a thing which seldom happens. On the Players' side the show of bowlers was magnificent.

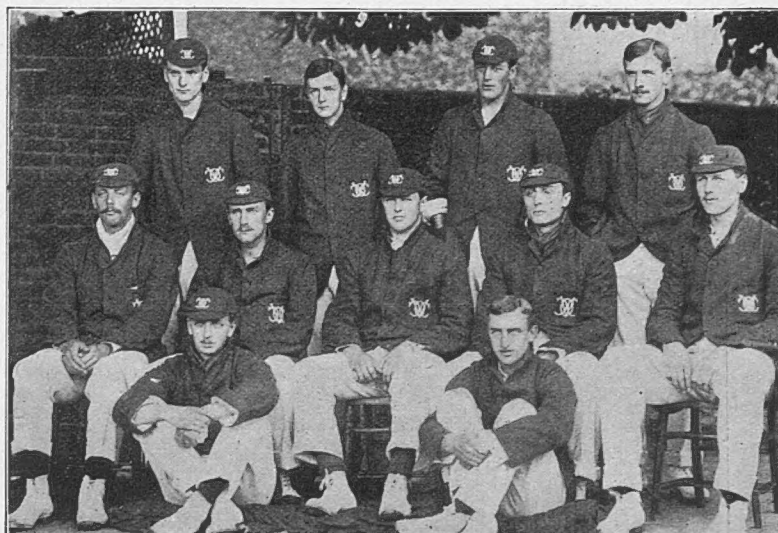


THE DRAWN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CRICKET MATCH.



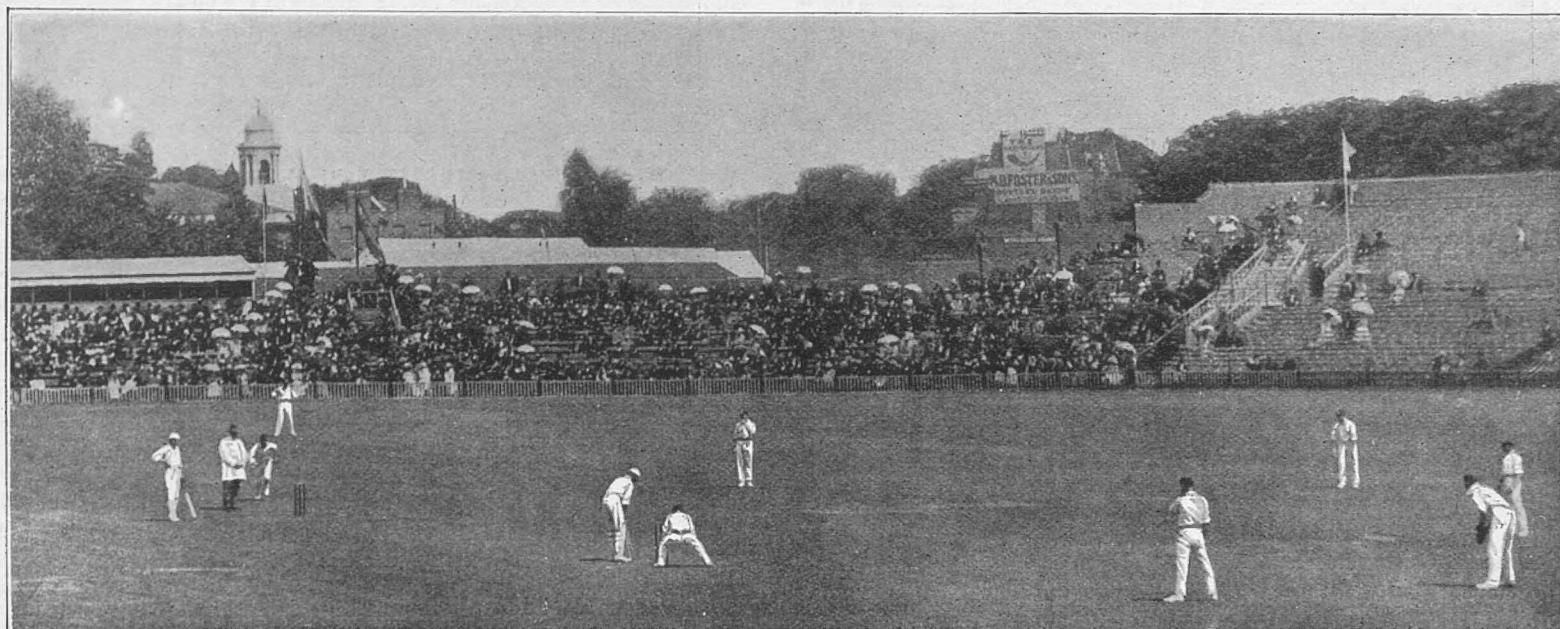
THE CAMBRIDGE ELEVEN.

E. R. Wilson, H. K. Longman, S. H. Day (capt.), L. V. Harper, W. P. Robertson, E. M. Dowson, J. Daniell, R. N. R. Blaker, P. R. Johnson, A. E. Hind, and A. H. C. Fergus.

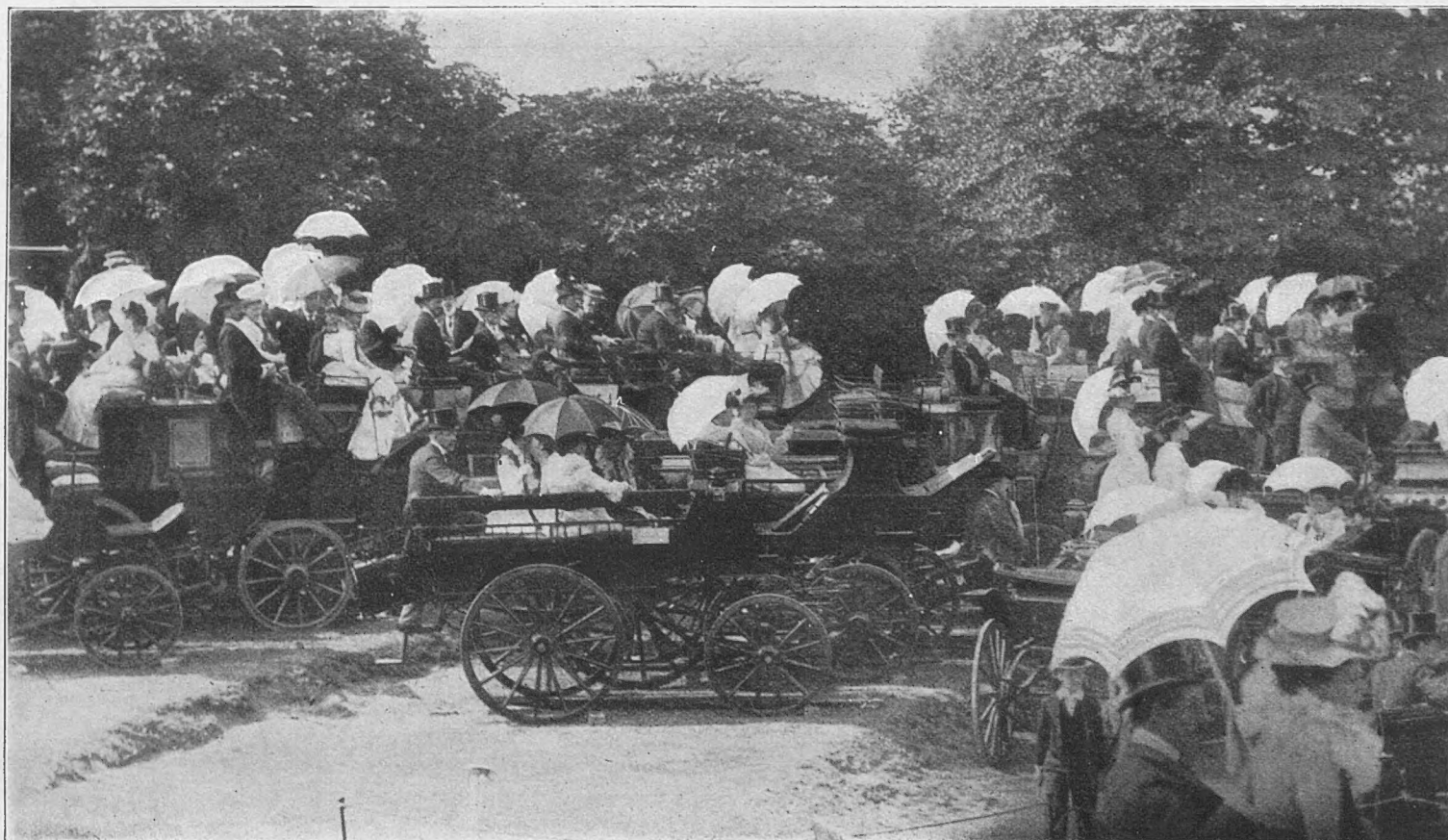


THE OXFORD ELEVEN.

C. H. B. Marsham, E. W. Dillon, F. H. Hollins, H. J. Wyld, F. P. Knox (capt.), R. E. More, J. W. F. Crawford, R. A. Williams, G. W. F. Kelly, W. Findlay, and J. S. Munn.



OXFORD IN THE FIELD: E. R. WILSON AND H. K. LONGMAN BATTING FOR CAMBRIDGE.



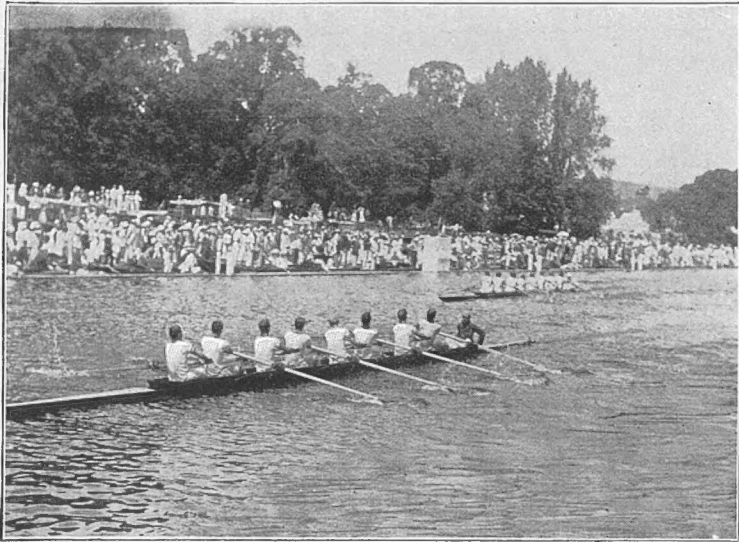
AMONG THE COACHES.



## BY-THE-WAY GOSSIP.

## A KING'S HOLIDAY.

**K**ING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM, who is, as all the world may or may not know, one of our Sovereign's few first-cousins, has been spending a pleasant holiday in British waters. The *Alberta* is one of the most delightful and comfortable of floating palaces, and the King, who, besides being an active, busy Sovereign, is one of the shrewdest men of business on the Continent, much enjoys a few days' real rough-weather yachting. His Majesty is particularly



HENLEY REGATTA: LEANDER BEATING NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD, IN THE FIRST HEAT OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

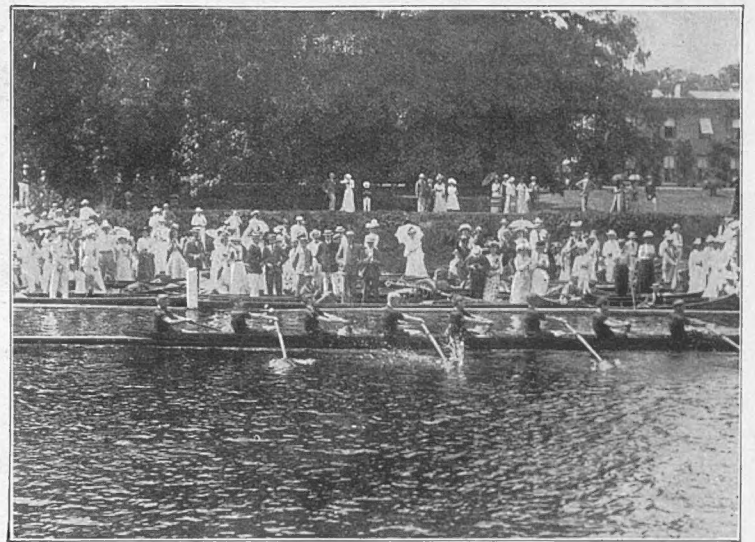
fond of the South-West Coast, and, making Dartmouth his headquarters, he has been greatly delighting the good Devon folk with his affability and good-nature. From there he went off to the Isle of Wight, and it is thought probable that he and his daughter, Princess Clementina, will spend the Cowes Week at Osborne—that is, always supposing that King Edward and Queen Alexandra begin their summer holiday in the Isle of Wight. Among those whom the King of the Belgians met while at Cowes was Lord Ormonde, who has just hoisted—of course, for the first time—his flag as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

## A MOTOR-CAR HERO: SIR EDGAR VINCENT.

For the moment, Sir Edgar Vincent, the well-known diplomatist-financier who is the fortunate owner, in Esher Place, of one of the most delightful of suburban residences, and who is a brother of Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., is the hero of the motor-car world, for he was, according to the horseless-carriage enthusiasts, unfairly fined five pounds, not for

furious driving, but for driving somewhat quickly when on his way from his London home. At the same time, the safety of the public demands the greatest care in driving.

Sir Edgar was one of the first Englishmen who realised the practical value of the motor-car, and for a long time he and his beautiful wife, Lady Helen Vincent, one of the lovely daughters of Lord Feversham, have both been accomplished motor-carists. Sir Edgar Vincent and Lady Helen are both much liked at Court, and it is probable that they will in due time form part of the Royal Household. Esher Place once belonged to Queen Elizabeth. It is a fine old house, filled with art-treasures, mostly French in origin, for Sir Edgar has an enthusiastic



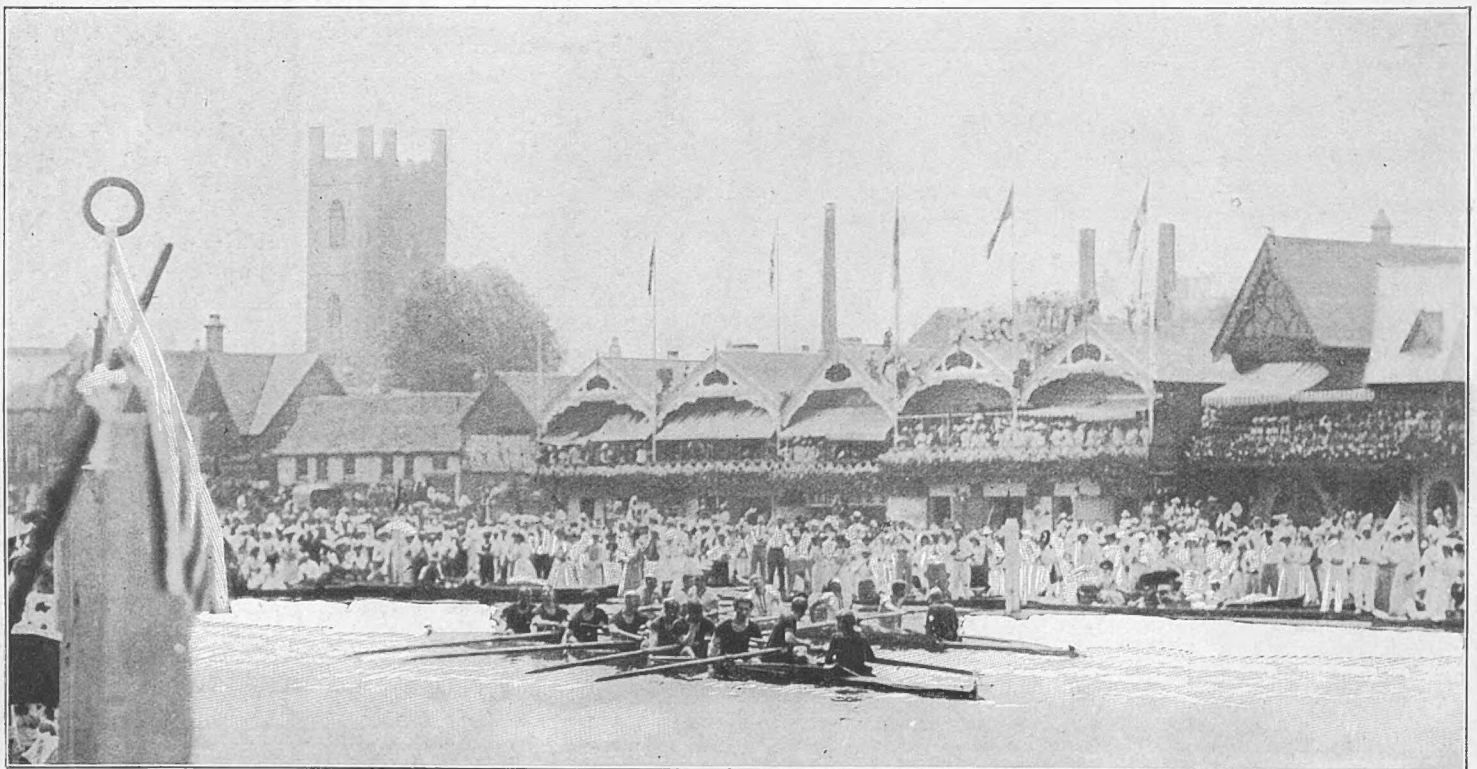
HENLEY REGATTA: PENNSYLVANIA WINNING THE SECOND HEAT OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

admiration for old French art, and he possesses some priceless specimens of Louis Quinze and Louis Seize furniture, while, of the many lovely portraits of the fair mistress of the house, few compare with the fine counterfeit presentment done of her some years ago by M. Constant.

## THE REGISTRATION OF MOTOR-CARS.

It is difficult to understand why the London County Council, in direct opposition to the similar association in Berkshire, should object to the registration of motor-cars, especially after the death-list of accidents which has been published within the last ten days. All boats on the river are registered, for obvious reasons. Why, then, should motor-cars and cycles of all kinds be exempt? There seems to be a cowardly weakness about legislators in this respect. And this is the more remarkable because all the sensible motor-car owners and cyclists are in favour of registration, not so much for the protection of the public as for their own. The "L.C.C." should consult some experts on the subject.

The Leanders.



Our Welcome Visitors.

LEANDER'S VICTORY OVER THE PENNSYLVANIANS IN THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP FINAL AT HENLEY: THE CREWS EASING-UP.



## GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

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SATURDAY, July 20, for 3, 6, and 8 days, to Accrington, Blackburn, Bolton, Brackley, Bradford, Burnley, Chester, Chesterfield, Cleethorpes, Darlington, Doncaster, Durham, Fife, Gainsborough, Grimsby (Town and Docks), Halifax, Hartlepool, Huddersfield, Hull, Leicester, Liverpool, Loughborough, Manchester, Middlesbrough, Newcastle, Northallerton, Nottingham, Oldham, Preston, Rotherham, Rugby, St. Helens, Scarborough, Sheffield, Southport, South Shields, Stockport, Sunderland, Wakefield, Warrington, West Hartlepool, Whitby, Widnes, Wigan, Worksop, York, and many other points in the Midlands, Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c.

EVERY SATURDAY until further notice, for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to Blackpool (Talbot Road and Central), Bridlington, Chester, Cleethorpes, Cullercoats, Douglas, Fife, Fleetwood, Grimsby (Town and Docks), Liverpool, Lytham, New Cleve, Redcar, Robin Hood's Bay, St. Ann's, Saltburn, Scarborough, Southport, Tynemouth, Whitby, Whitley Bay.

WEEK-ENDS IN THE COUNTRY.—EVERY SATURDAY (for ½ day, 1, 2, or 3 days), SUNDAYS (for 1 or 2 days), MONDAYS and THURSDAYS (for ½ day and 1 day), to Ashby Magna, Brackley, Calvert, Charwelton, Culworth, Fimmere, Helmdon, Leicester, Loughborough, Lutterworth, Rugby, Whetstone, Willoughby, Woodford and Hinton.

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PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY *versus* DUBLIN UNIVERSITY,

ON THE LAKES OF

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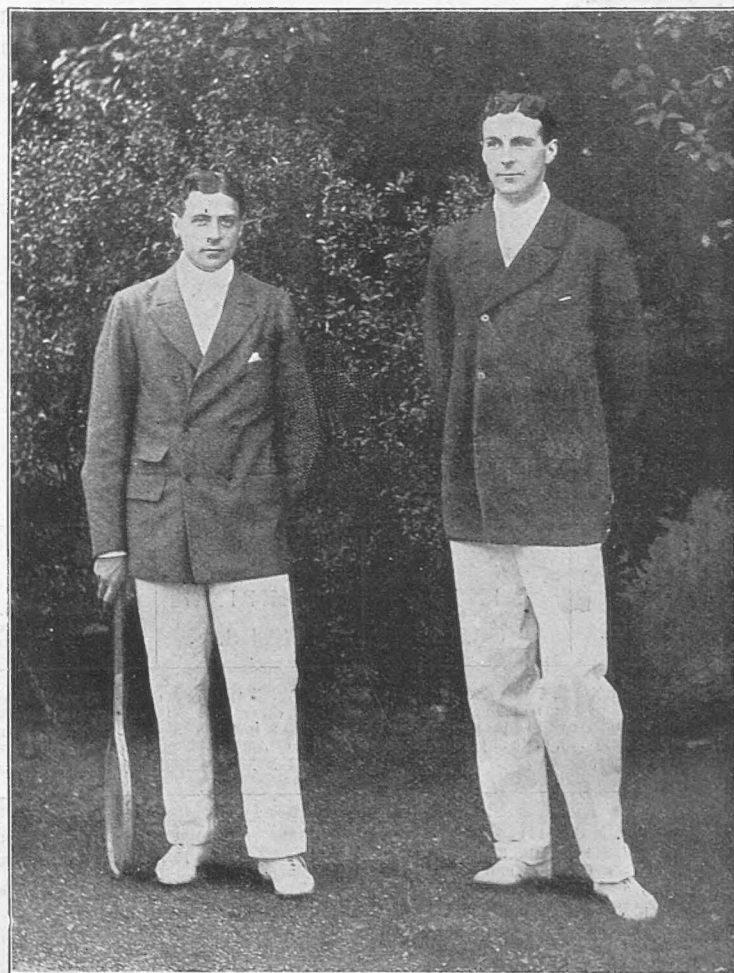
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comfort of Passengers, will be promptly given on application to "The Midland Railway Agent"  
at London (St. Pancras), or to any other Midland Station or Agency.  
Derby, July 1901. JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

**NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND DENMARK.**—Express Daily (Sundays  
included) Service by the ROYAL BRITISH MAIL ROUTE, via Harwich-Hook of Holland.  
RESTAURANT CARS to and from the Hook of Holland.  
ANTWERP, VIA HARWICH, for the Ardennes (Cheapest Continental Holiday), Brussels,  
Fpa, Germany, every week-day.  
London (Liverpool Street Station) dep. 8.30 p.m. for the Hook of Holland, and 8.40 p.m. for  
Antwerp. Direct service to Harwich from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant Car  
from York.  
COMBINATION TICKETS (RUNDREISE SYSTEM), Cheap Tickets and Tours to nearly  
all parts of the Continent.  
Particulars of the Continental Traffic Manager, G.E.R., Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

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**PARIS AND SWITZERLAND.**—The Cheapest and Most Comfortable  
Route is via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and the picturesque Seine Valley. Fast Royal Mail  
Steamers and Corridor Trains. Two Express Services leave London 10 a.m. and 8.50 p.m. daily.  
Through Bookings to all parts of France, Switzerland, and Italy.  
DIEPPE WEEK-END.—Special First Class Service from Victoria, Saturdays 1 p.m., returning  
from Dieppe Monday Morning, arriving at Victoria 1.25 p.m. Fare 30s.  
CAEN FOR LOWER NORMANDY AND BRITTANY.—Roads and Scenery specially  
recommended to Cyclists; Direct Steamers from Newhaven every Week-day.  
Full Particulars of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

**GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.**  
THE "DIRECT" ROUTE  
TO EAST COAST WATERING-PLACES.  
ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE.  
From LONDON (KING'S CROSS) EACH WEEK-DAY.

WEEK-DAYS.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cr.) dep.	5 15	7 15	8 45	9 45	10 10	10 20	10 35	10 55	11 20	11 30	11 45	12 30
Sheringham ... arr.	10 11	1 3	...	...	...	2 32	...	...	...	...	...	...
Cromer (Beach) ...	10 20	1 12	...	...	...	2 40	...	...	...	...	...	...
Mundesley-on-Sea ...	11 2	1 47	...	...	...	3 10	...	...	...	...	...	...
Skegness ...	9 29	11 20	1 15	...	...	1 43	...	...	...	...	...	4 18
Ilkley ...	10 22	12 38	...	...	...	...	3 43	...	...	...	...	...
Harrogate ...	10 47	1 0	...	2 22	2 37	3 33	4 23	...	4 16	...	5 32	...
Scarborough ...	11 15	...	2H45	...	3M5	...	4 5	...	4Q33	4 40	6 0	...
Whitby ...	12 17	...	3 40	...	4 17	...	...	...	...	5 15	...	...
Filey ...	11 37	2 59	3L30	...	3G52	4G26	5 0	4 39	5H 0	5 34	6 26	...
Bridlington ...	11 29	2 51	2 54	3 12	...	3G55	5 33	4 8	5H39	5 6	6 50	...
Redcar ...	12 13	...	...	...	3 54	...	...	...	5 22	...	...	...
Saltburn ...	12 28	...	...	...	4 10	...	...	...	5 32	...	...	...
Seaton Carew ...	12 15	...	...	...	3 53	...	...	...	5 29	...	7 42	...

WEEK-DAYS.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cr.) dep.	1 10	1 30	1 45	2 20	3 0	3 25	3 45	1 15	5 45	6 15	10 30	10 45
Sheringham ... arr.	4 49	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	9 44	...	...	...
Cromer (Beach) ...	5 0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	9 53	...	...	...
Mundesley-on-Sea ...	5 44	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Skegness ...	...	5G30	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	7P50	...
Ilkley ...	...	6 6	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Harrogate ...	...	6 25	6 37	7 35	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	8K20
Scarborough ...	...	...	6 57	7 47	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	5 35
Whitby ...	...	...	7N44	8 54	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	6 20
Filey ...	...	...	7 36	8 30	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	6A42
Bridlington ...	...	...	7 10	8O58	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	7A19
Redcar ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	6A37
Saltburn ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	6A52
Seaton Carew ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	7A35

\* Through Carriages to Sheringham and Cromer by these trains. † On Saturdays is due  
Bridlington at 1.39 p.m., Filey 2.13 p.m. + Through Carriages to Harrogate by these trains.  
Mondays only. A—On Sunday mornings arrives Filey 11.34, Bridlington 12, Redcar 7.56,  
Saltburn 8.12, and Seaton Carew 9.41. B—First and Third Class Luncheon-Car Express. C—On  
Sunday Mornings is due Ilkley at 11.34, Harrogate 8.4, Bridlington 8.15, and Filey 8.54. D—First  
and Third Class Corridor Dining-Car Express. E—Third Class Luncheon-Car Express. Will  
not be run on Mondays or Wednesdays, and will not run after Aug. 17. G—Saturdays only.  
H—Will commence July 13. K—Not on Sunday mornings. L—Commencing July 13; arrives  
3.10 p.m. M—Until July 13; arrives Scarborough 3.23 p.m. N—From Aug. 2 to Sept. 14.  
O—On Saturdays arrives 8.41 p.m. P—On Saturdays leaves King's Cross 8.45 p.m. Has no  
connection on Saturday nights. Q—Until July 13 arrives Scarborough 5.34 p.m.

WEEKLY EXCURSIONS TO THE SEASIDE.—Each Saturday, for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to  
BRIDLINGTON, FILEY, SCARBOROUGH, ROBIN HOOD'S BAY, WHITBY, SALTBURN,  
REDCAR, APPLEBY, TYNEMOUTH, WHITLEY BAY, CULLERCOATS, SKEGNESS,  
SUTTON-ON-SEA, MABLETHORPE, GRIMSBY, NEW CLEE, CLEETHORPES, LIVER-  
POOL, SOUTHPORT, and DOUGLAS (Isle of Man); also each Wednesday for 8 days to  
SHERINGHAM, CROMER (Beach), MUNDESEY-ON-SEA, YARMOUTH (Beach),  
SKEGNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, and MABLETHORPE, from London (King's Cross, &c.).  
For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables, &c., at Stations and Town Offices.  
June 1901. CHARLES STEEL, General Manager.

**LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.**  
WEST OF ENGLAND, DEVON AND NORTH CORNWALL COASTS.  
CARRIAGES with LAVATORY ACCOMMODATION for FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD  
CLASS PASSENGERS are PROVIDED in ALL TRAINS BETWEEN LONDON, EXETER,  
and PLYMOUTH.  
PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE COLLECTED, FORWARDED, and DELIVERED in ADVANCE.  
For full particulars, see handbills.  
TOURIST TICKETS for all three classes issued from WATERLOO STATION by all trains,  
available for return within two months.  
CIRCULAR TOUR by RAIL and COACH.  
Tickets are issued from LONDON every week-day. The Tours embrace the principal health-  
resorts of North Devon and North Cornwall, including Lynton, Ilfracombe, Clovelly, Bude,  
Boscastle, Tintagel, St. Columb, Newquay, Padstow, &c.  
The Devonshire and North Cornwall Coasts are unsurpassed in scenery.

WEEK-DAYS.—FAST TRAINS FOR ALL CLASSES.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
WATERLOO ... dep.	5 50	9 0	10 50	11 0	11 10	1 0	3 0	5 50
SIDMOUTH ... arr.	11 43	1 50	...	...	...	3 15	5 38	7 55
EXETER (Queen Street) ...	10 45	1 31	2 20	2 55	3 13	5 11	6 45	10 5
BUDE ...	...	1 22	4 8	...	...	5 32	7 33	10 43
TINTAGEL (By bus from) ...	...	2 45	...	...	...	6 55	...	...
BOSCASTLE (Camelford) ...	...	2 45	...	...	...	6 55	...	...
ST. COLUMB (By Coach from) ...	...	...	...	...	...	7 35	...	...
NEWQUAY (Wadebridge) ...	...	...	...	...	...	8 30	...	...
PADSTOW ...	...	2 46	5 18	...	...	6 40	8 44	...
TAVISTOCK ...	...	12 11	3 5	...	...	...	...	...
DEVONPORT ...	...	12 33	3 26	3 49	...	...	6 57	8 26
PLYMOUTH ...	...	12 40	3 33	3 56	...	...	7 4	8 33
BARNSTAPLE ...	...	1 22	3 19	...	4 12	...	6 36	8 35
LYNTON and LYNNMOUTH ...	...	4 3	5 57	...	5 57	...	9A10	...
ILFRACOMBE ...	...	2 22	4 22	...	5 8	...	7 29	9 37
BIDEFORD (for Westward Ho) ...	...	1 54	3 55	...	4 40	...	7 4	9 7
CLOVELLY (By Coach) ...	...	...	...	...	6 40	...	...	...

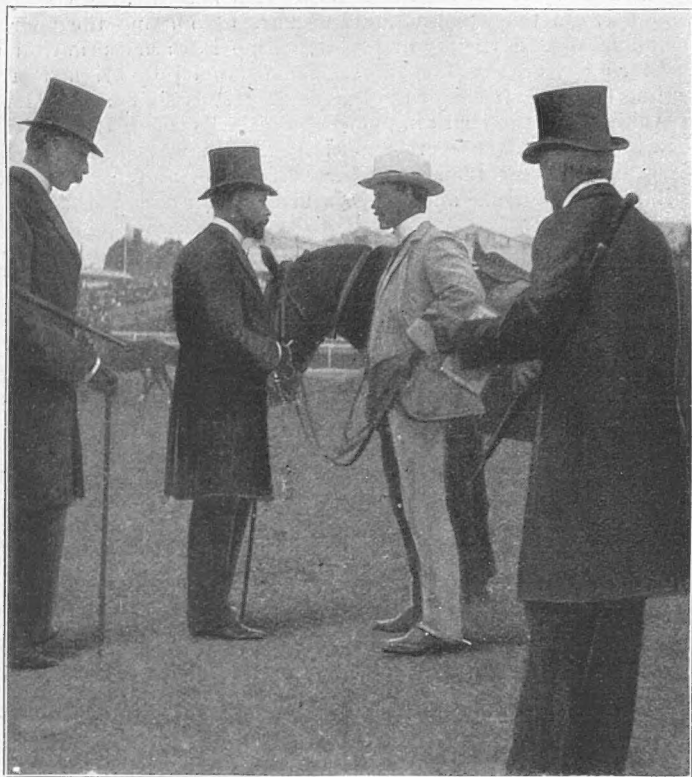
A—Thursdays only.  
A corresponding service of improved and additional trains runs in the opposite direction.  
Connections are formed at Exeter (St. David's Station) with the South Devon Line to Dawlish,  
Teignmouth, Torquay, Dartmouth, &c., and at Plymouth (North Road Station) with the Great  
Western Line to Truro, Falmouth, Penzance, &c.  
CHEAP FAST TRAINS leave WATERLOO as follows—  
On THURSDAYS and FRIDAYS to EXETER, OKEHAMPTON, PLYMOUTH, BARN-  
STAPLE, LYNTON, ILFRACOMBE, BUDE, BODMIN, PADSTOW, &c.  
On MONDAYS and FRIDAYS to SALISBURY, YEovil, CHARD, AXMINSTER,  
SEATON, SIDMOUTH, BUDELEIGH, SALTERTON, &c.  
Full particulars of the Tourist and Excursion arrangements, together with the Official List of  
Seaside, Farmhouse, and Country Lodgings, can be obtained upon application to Mr Sam Fay,  
Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E., or any of the Company's London Offices.  
CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

**SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND.**  
THE ROYAL ROUTE.  
"COLUMBA," "IONA," &c., SAIL DAILY, MAY TILL OCTOBER.  
Official Guide 6d. and 1s. Tourist programme post free from  
DAVID MACBRAYNE, 113, Hope Street, GLASGOW.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*An Historic Royal Drive.* King Edward's journey to Windsor by road last week should surely count among the historic drives of the Twentieth Century, for His Majesty travelled in his motor-car, a fact which must have filled with joy all those—and they are legion—interested in what may become, and what should



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK AT THE BRISBANE AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

*The Duke conversing with Frank A. Nock, whom he recognised as having been the first patient (invalided from South Africa) in the Queen's Convalescent Home at Sandringham.*

become indeed, a great British industry. The Sovereign, as was the case with his venerated father and the late Queen Victoria, is always ready to patronise new inventions and to profit by new discoveries. How strange it seems nowadays to recall the fact that Queen Victoria was already a married woman and a mother when she took her first journey by rail! In those days the steam-engine was looked upon with even more aversion and fear than is the motor-car to-day. The great Duke of Wellington was particularly averse to the new mode of locomotion, and he is said to have observed, when he heard that the young Queen had consented to travel from London to Windsor by train, that this was the first injudicious action he had ever known Her Majesty to perform.

*The King Abroad.* The King will probably, on the prorogation of Parliament, go to Germany, but His Majesty's visit will not be considered as an official one, and his sojourn at Homburg, Darmstadt, or elsewhere, will, from the Court of Berlin point of view, be altogether unknown. It is, indeed, uncertain whether the King and the Royal Yacht will get further than Flushing or Antwerp. This quasi-secret method of travelling has its comic side, especially when it is known that, directly a great personage crosses the German Frontier, or, indeed, reaches the Continent, he is at once made the object of the greatest interest to a body of special detective police. And since the foolish pistol-firing at Brussels our King has been very closely looked after. On the other hand, the movements of King Edward are so well laid down beforehand that his progress is quite easy to follow at all distances and dates. This is not the case with the Kaiser, who has a quaint knack of disappearing when abroad, thereby causing the direst consternation to those appointed to secure his safety.

*The New M.W. Grand Master.* Figures testify eloquently to the substantial benevolence of English Freemasons during the twenty-six years His Majesty, as the Prince of Wales, was the head of the craft. The sums subscribed in that period to the three great Masonic Charities—those that provide for the comfort of necessitous members of the influential brotherhood, and for the maintenance and education of the boys

and girls—amounted to no less than a Million and Three-quarters sterling. That the Most Worshipful Grand Mastership of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught will be similarly fruitful there is every reason to hope, as upwards of £75,000 has been collected for these well-administered institutions in the first year of the Century. Those best informed fear the King will not be present at his brother's installation in the Albert Hall on Wednesday, July 17. That solemn and impressive ceremony will be performed by the admirably qualified M.W. Pro-Grand Master, Earl Amherst. I understand that over eleven thousand applications have been made for seats, though there is accommodation for only about 8500 in the Albert Hall. Unenviable is the lot of those high officers who have to make the allotments.

*The Royal Tour.* I give a vivid picture of the picturesque incident which occurred at Brisbane last month, when the Duke of Cornwall and York, amid the thousands gathered together to greet and cheer him, recognised a trooper whom he had last seen at Sandringham! His Royal Highness has evidently inherited Queen Victoria's and King Edward's remarkable memory for faces. This truly Royal gift is a great possession, and one which many humbler mortals would be very glad to possess. Curiously enough, little Prince Edward is treading in this matter in his forbears' footsteps. He does not always remember a name—that would be too much to expect in a seven-year-old boy—but he nearly always remembers the faces of persons he has once seen, and, what is interesting, the circumstances under which he last saw them.

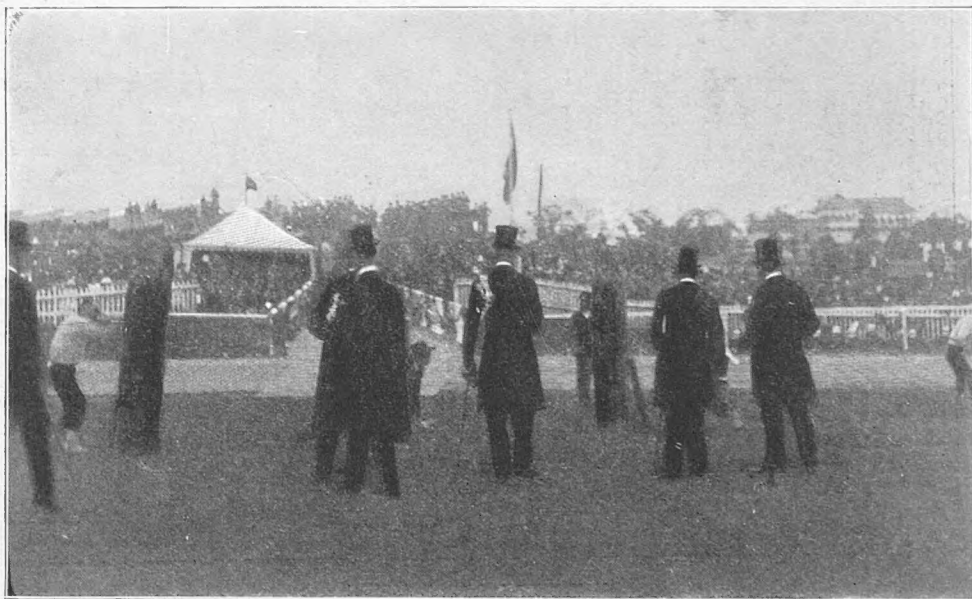
*The Duke and the "G.O.M."* The Duke of Cornwall and York is, as we all know, a man of varied tastes, and the keen interest he displayed when watching the wood-chopping, which is a peculiarly Australian accomplishment—for Australasia possesses the mammoth trees of the world—must have called to mind Gladstone's enthusiasm for this energetic form of exercise. The story goes that on one occasion when the Duke, as Prince George, was busily engaged in planting a tree in the presence of the "G.O.M.," he turned to the latter and said, laughing, "We plant trees which some future Premier, sir, may employ himself in cutting down." But many a day will go by before Royal trees will be attacked in this fashion by even the most radical of Prime Ministers.

#### *The Coming Coronation.*

The first Coronation of the Century (possibly to take place on June 28 next year in Westminster Abbey) will, it is said, eclipse in splendour and stately beauty every pageant of the kind seen during the last few hundred years. All those who can claim special privileges must now, of course, hasten to present their claims, and the Commissioners appointed by His Majesty to inquire into these have anything but an easy task before them, for quite a surprising number of distinguished folk either have or believe they have a right not only to be present, but to take an active part in the great ceremonial. It has also been said that, as the Coronation is essentially a British and Imperial function, it would not be fair to award too much space in our historic Abbey to the hundreds of foreign Royal personages who will consider themselves entitled to be present.

#### *The Coronation: Its Distinguished Managers.*

Fifteen distinguished individuals, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, and including such widely differing personalities as Lord Esher, Lord Farquhar, the Bishop of Winchester, and Mr. Almeric Fitzroy, Clerk of the Council, have accepted the responsible task of making all arrangements connected with the Coronation. The Earl-Marshal and



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK AT THE BRISBANE AGRICULTURAL SHOW: WOOD-CHOPPING COMPETITION. THE WINNER CHOPPED AN 18-INCH LOG IN 3 MIN. 7 SEC.



his colleagues have no easy task before them, and we may be sure that by this time next year they will be only too glad to enjoy a thorough holiday from every kind of work. I believe it is a fact that the moment the names of the fortunate (?) few were inserted in the papers, they were one and all besieged by the next post with applications, not only from

and, like most people, what he can do well he thoroughly enjoys doing; accordingly, every detail connected with the Coronation will be submitted to the Sovereign before being actually settled.

*A Royal Angel of Mercy.* Queen Alexandra may truly claim the pretty title of the "Royal Angel of Mercy." Her Majesty has always taken a touching and yet very practical interest in the sick and ailing of all ranks and conditions, and she was one of the first to realise that the nursing profession should be as much thought of as any other. Just a week ago (3rd) took place the first great public function of a really social kind at which the Queen has been present since Her Majesty assumed the deep mourning still worn by her. Seven hundred and seventy Jubilee Nurses—that is to say, those noble women who perform the often ungrateful task of nursing the poor in their own homes—had the joy of greeting King Edward's beautiful Consort, and for a day or two London seemed pervaded by bright-faced nurses hailing from every part of the kingdom. "Queen's weather" fortunately prevailed, and the charming gardens at Marlborough House were rarely seen to better advantage. Queen Alexandra was accompanied by the King, by Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and by the three elder children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. During the



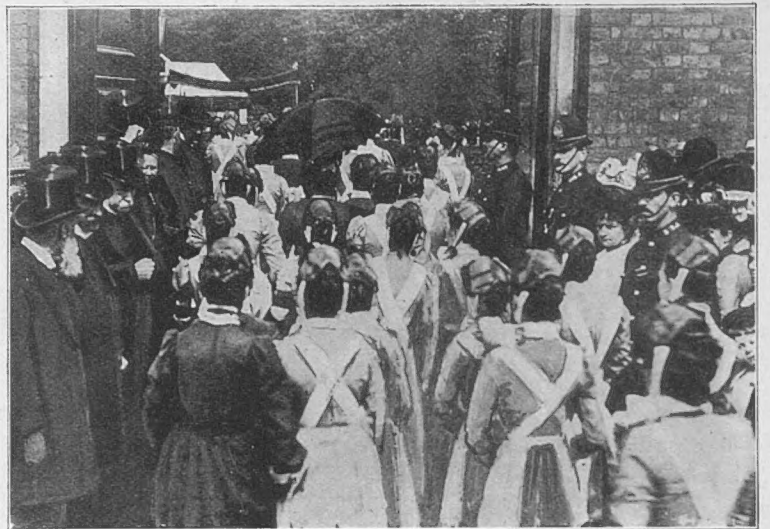
Photo by Kissack, Windsor.

[From a Photo.]

THE HON. BLANCHE GROSVENOR, CAPTAIN JAMES HOLFORD, 7TH HUSSARS, WHO WERE MARRIED ON TUESDAY, JULY 2, AT MOTCOMBE, SHAFTESBURY.

their friends and their friends' friends, but from complete strangers, who urged on them every possible claim in order that they might obtain even a back-place at the function in Westminster Abbey.

*A Really Good Selection.* Each of the fifteen gentlemen so honoured by their Sovereign is distinguished for some remarkable gift. Lord Esher, the courtly and good-looking head of the Board of Works, owes probably to the French blood flowing in his veins his wonderful gift for scenic effect. Sir Edward Bradford will, of course, be responsible for public order being maintained in the streets; and, though London crowds are the best-tempered and the most orderly in the world, it is easy to imagine how great and anxious is the responsibility which will devolve on him during the two great days, for the day following that on which the actual Coronation will take place there is to be a Royal Procession through the streets of the Metropolis, recalling in general arrangement that which proved so brilliant a success on Diamond Jubilee Day. Sir Francis Knollys and Sir Arthur Ellis are naturally included, owing to their close personal connection with the Sovereign; but, as was pithily remarked by a clever member of the group who has had much to do with Court pageants during the last twenty years, "King Edward will really manage it all." His Majesty is dowered with a great capacity for organisation,



QUEEN'S NURSES ENTERING MARLBOROUGH HOUSE BY THE GATE FACING FRIARY COURT TO BE RECEIVED BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Photo by Wells, Pemberton Road, Haringay, N.

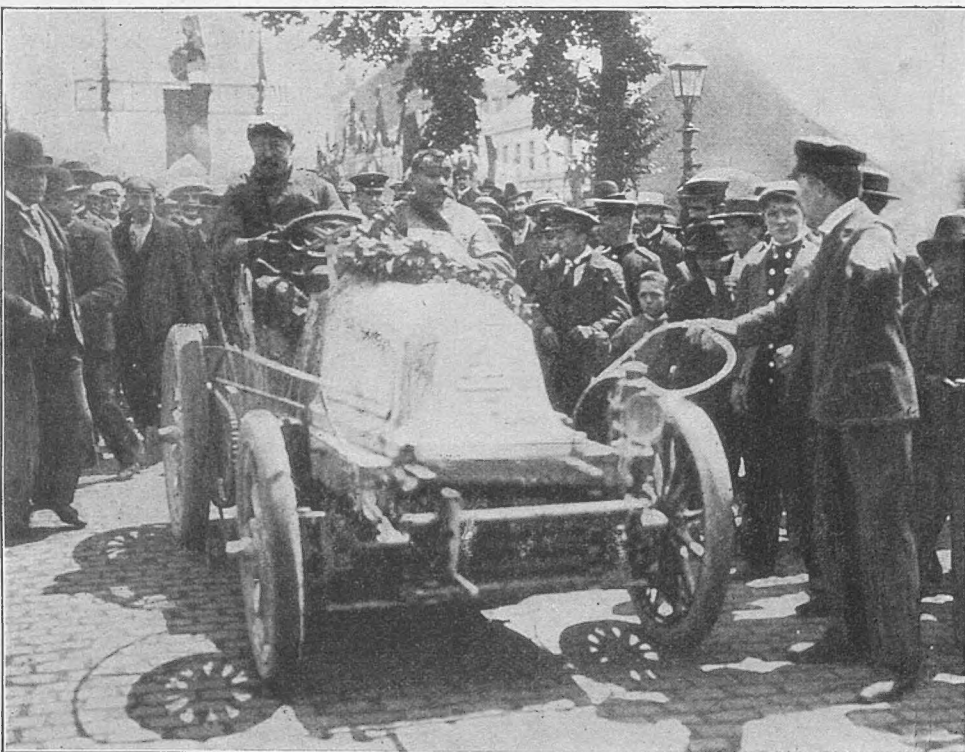
walk past Her Majesty handed the certificates and *brassards* to each. The Queen next day saw the roses at the Temple Garden show.

The pretty little village of Motcombe, in Dorsetshire, was *en fête* on Tuesday, the 2nd inst., the occasion being the wedding of Captain James Holford, of the 7th Hussars, and the Hon. Blanche Grosvenor, daughter of Lord and Lady Stalbridge, who are very popular in the district, and cousin of the Duke of Westminster. A large number of guests were invited to the wedding, including the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, the Marquis and Marchioness of Bath, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, Lord and Lady Heytesbury, Lord Cole, Lady Parker and her husband, Captain Matthews, Sir Astley and Lady Paston Cooper, Sir James Willcocks, Lady Agnes Frank, and Sir Michael and Lady Octavia Shaw-Stewart. Canon Smith and Canon Ravenhill between them tied the nuptial knot, and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. R. Lawley, 7th Hussars (Lord Wenlock's brother), acted as best man.

*The Bride and her Maids.* The young bride looked very sweet in her wedding-dress of white crêpe-de-Chine entirely

covered with old Brussels lace, and was given away by her father, while she was followed by six bridesmaids, the Hon. Eleanor Grosvenor (her sister), Miss G. Holford (the bridegroom's sister), the Hon. Margaret Holmes-a-Court, Miss Frank, Miss Lascelles, and Miss Stubber, who wore frocks of white French muslin trimmed with French embroidered lawn, and turquoise-blue sashes, with large white chiffon hats adorned with La France roses. Lady Stalbridge afterwards welcomed the wedding guests at Motcombe House, and, later, Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Holford left for Wales, where they spend the honeymoon.

*Service Marriages.* "None but the brave deserve the fair" might well serve as a motto for the July weddings. To-morrow (11th) a very distinguished soldier, Lieutenant-Colonel Gilbert Heatheote, whose gallant conduct in the Zulu War is still vividly remembered by many of his old



THE AUTOMOBILE RACE FROM PARIS TO BERLIN: M. FOURNIER, THE VICTOR, ENTERING AIX-LA-CHAPELLE FIRST.

Leaving Champigny at dawn on Thursday, June 27, M. Fournier reached Berlin first on his Mors Car on Saturday morning, June 29. This Photograph is by Nilsson, of Paris.



comrades, will lead to the altar Miss Mabel Silvertop. The function takes place at the Oratory—perhaps, on the whole, the most fashionable of the London Roman Catholic Churches. A very smart wedding will be that of Captain Trotter, of the 2nd Life Guards, to Lady Edith Montgomerie.

This marriage is, after all, to take place in town—at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge—and not at Eglinton Castle. The bridegroom is the son of a famous soldier, and has followed in the parental footsteps—indeed, his friends declare that, in place of the "D.S.O." which fell to his lot, he was fully entitled to the Victoria Cross.

A Grenadier Guard's wedding is generally a picturesque and pretty sight—that of Captain Sir Frederick Hervey-Bathurst to Lord Inchiquin's pretty daughter, Miss Moira O'Brien, will prove no exception to the rule; and surely among military weddings—although the



RIGHT HON. SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, M.P.,  
LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION IN THE COMMONS.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

bridegroom belongs only to the Church militant—must be reckoned the marriage of Lord Valentia's eldest daughter to the Rev. Guy Ronald Campbell, the eldest son of the late Captain the Hon. Ronald Campbell, at one time perhaps the most popular officer of the Coldstream Guards.

*St. George's, Hanover Square.* Lady Victoria Grey has chosen to be married in the old church which has seen so many famous weddings, namely, St. George's, Hanover Square. The Greys have always been very much liked in the Court world, and, were it not that every member of the British Royal Family is still in deep family mourning, many great personages would have been present to see the late Queen's god-daughter become the wife of Mr. Arthur Grenfell. Even as it is, Royalty will be represented by some splendid and appropriate gifts.

*Dinner in Politics.* The practice of dining-out has brought the Government majority very low on several occasions, but the results are less embarrassing than the after-dinner speeches of Liberals. Last week was like a week in the spring of 1886, when Mr. Chamberlain and his friends reviewed their relations with Mr. Gladstone. The Liberal-Unionists have been succeeded by the

Liberal-Imperialists, and they, too, are reproached with jealousy. Of whom are they jealous? Not of "C.-B."! They esteem Sir Henry personally, and they don't envy him the post of Leader.

"C.-B." For shortness, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was called "C.-B." by his colleagues long before the significance of the initials was recognised by the public. It is only a popular member who has a short name. Nobody thinks of calling the Chancellor of the Exchequer "H.-B." He is, at the briefest, "Beach." Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's strength lies in his personal popularity.



RIGHT HON. HENRY ASQUITH, K.C., M.P.,  
EX-HOME SECRETARY.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

He has many opponents and a considerable number of critics, but no enemies. His round face broadens into a smile even at the most trying moments. His manliness in calling for Tuesday's Liberal meeting at the Reform Club has done him much good politically.

*Mr. Asquith.* The career of Mr. Asquith has been remarkable. He did not enter the House of Commons till 1886. By that time "C.-B." had been a member for eighteen years. Mr. Asquith did not speak frequently in the long Parliament of 1886,

but his speeches were as effective as they were rare, and gradually he became known as a man of character and intellect. In 1892 he entered the Cabinet without ever having held subordinate office except as "devil" to Sir Henry James (now Lord James), and he proved one of the strongest men in Mr. Gladstone's last Government. Since Sir William Harcourt's withdrawal he has been the chief lieutenant of the Leader of the Opposition. He never tried to push himself in front of "C.-B." On the contrary, complaints have been made that he was giving up to the Bar what was meant for the State or for Party. It was only after the attacks on the Concentration Camps that he asserted himself. Why shouldn't he be honoured with a dinner?

*"Not Guilty, on My Honour."*

Extraordinary interest is being taken in the trial of Earl Russell by his Peers, the more so that his Lordship is a truly militant individual and means to defend himself with might and main from the grave charge brought against him. The proceedings will be public, and it would appear as if the trial—which is to take place, by the way, in the splendid apartment known as the Royal Gallery—will be one of the *causes célèbres* of the new century. In old days, the trial of a Peer was always conducted in Westminster Hall, and it is easy to realise how impressive was the legal pageant under these circumstances—indeed, we are told that so anxious was the public to see and hear all that went on that in some cases the fair "ladies of St. James's" who obtained tickets of admission had themselves slung from the roof in baskets.

*The Date of the Trial.*

Lord Russell will be tried to-morrow week—that is, on July 18—at eleven o'clock in the morning, and each one of the Peers has been communicated with in order to acquaint him of the fact and to ask him whether he intends to be present. In social circles there is a general desire that the



A GIPSY BABY AT HENLEY.

prisoner—if prisoner he can be called—should receive a sentence of the "not-guilty-but-do-not-do-it-again" type. Lord Russell bears a name which should be peculiarly honoured by the British people—indeed, owing to the early and premature death of his father, a man of remarkable attainments and unblemished character, he is only the second holder of the earldom bestowed on the great statesman who was for so many decades affectionately known to his fellow countrymen and countrywomen as "Lord John."

*An Excellent Appointment.*

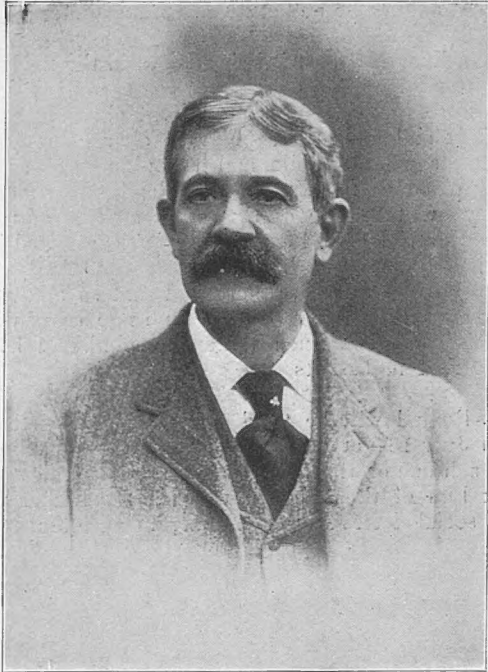
Sir Bindon Blood, who is to succeed Sir Power Palmer in the Punjab Command, is one of those gallant soldiers who do not advertise. Although he has done excellent work in South Africa, his name has come curiously little before the public during the last year. His wife, one of the most beautiful and charming of the many officers' wives who have thrown themselves with such zeal into the difficult task of looking after the feminine belongings of brave Tommy Atkins, is already well known in Indian Society; she is, however, devoted to her young daughter, and will much feel parting with her should she feel it wiser to leave her at home.

*The Gaiety Hotel.* Mr. George Edwardes is certainly a forerunner among Managers, and I imagine that I am only doing him justice in attributing to him the idea which is to be carried out on the new Gaiety premises. The theatre and restaurant will be restored, as also the *Morning Post* office; but, more than this, there is to be a Gaiety Hotel. What a vista of enjoyment to the Colonial or the countryman or the foreigner this opens up! He will be enabled to live, make merry, and sleep on the same site. If I might make a suggestion, it would be that a swimming-bath should be added. Mr. Edwardes knows something about baths, having, if I mistake not, been associated with Mr. Michael Gunn in the establishment at the bottom of Savoy Hill.



*United States'  
North Pole  
Expedition.*

Expedition comes as a cooling notion of a seasonable pick-me-up character. And if Britons are not to discover the North Pole, I sincerely hope an adventurous American will do so. So *bon voyage* to the stout whaler *America*, a snapshot of which at Dundee I have the pleasure of printing, with a portrait of Mr. William Ziegler (whom London has



AMERICAN NORTH POLE EXPEDITION:  
MR. WILLIAM ZIEGLER, WHO PAYS THE BILL.

*Photo by Dupont, New York.*

lately been entertaining unawares), the New York millionaire, who is defraying the expenses of Mr. Evelyn B. Baldwin's new voyage of discovery. The *America*, formerly called the *Esquimaux*, has for some years been employed as an auxiliary steam-whaler in the whaling industry, and is thoroughly well fitted to withstand the pressure of the Arctic ice-fields. Proceeding to Tromsø, Norway, the *America* will join the other two vessels of the Ziegler - Baldwin expedition, and then will start for the North when their stores and equipment are completed. It is said Mr. Baldwin will take with him five hundred dogs and a large number of mules for sledging over the ice. Franz Josef Land will be the first objective, and will, it is hoped, be reached in August. The Duke of Abruzzi and Sir H. M. Stanley have both wished Mr. Baldwin good luck, and *The Sketch* cordially joins in the chorus of good wishes with a hearty "Ra! 'Ra! 'Ra!"

*Dominion Day.*

The banquet held at the Cecil on July 1 to celebrate the anniversary of the founding of the Dominion of Canada was in every respect a great success. A large number of Canadians were present and, under the genial presidency of Lord Strathcona, had a "very good time."

The feature of the evening was Mr. Chamberlain's speech proposing "Canada"; his words roused the audience to the greatest enthusiasm. Commenting on the loyalty displayed by Canada, he paid a high tribute to the growing greatness of the Dominion.

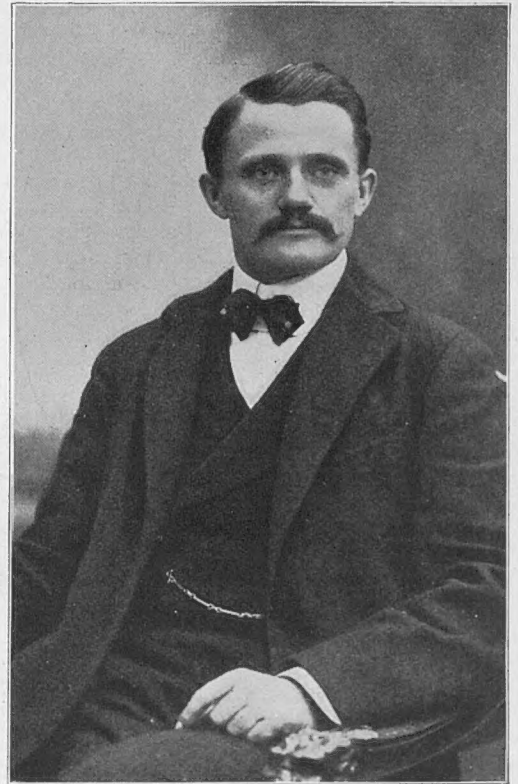
The owner of M. Fournier's Paris-Berlin motor-car, Captain "Joe" Laycock, belongs to the quickly diminishing band of wealthy and popular bachelors, and his friends hope that he will be as lucky in love as he has been both in war and in the moting world. Perhaps his latest exploit will make him known to that ubiquitous person, "The Man in the Street," for, among the crowds that surged round the church on the occasion of the wedding of the young Duke of Westminster to Miss Cornwallis-West, many

were the inquiries as to who was his Grace's best man. Captain Laycock went through the South African campaign, and thoroughly enjoyed the experience, although his sojourn in South Africa was darkened, as was that of so many of his fellow-officers, by the loss of true friends. Rumours of Captain Laycock's engagement have been some time rife, but, according to his best friends—and no one has more—he is still fancy-free.

Every Englishman who believed in the soldierly spirit of our Volunteer Uhlans must have felt a just pride in the gallantry of the Imperial Yeomanry in the field, and must have experienced a specially keen gratification in joining in the Welcome - Homes they have nobly earned. In the Clarendon Hall at Watford on July 1, Colonel the Earl of Essex, Captain J. B. Gilliat, and Lieutenant Sir G. Arthur, with their brother Yeomen who did so well in South Africa, were entertained at dinner—Mr. Francis Fisher, J.P., in the Chair, and the Earl of Clarendon among the distinguished men present. Nothing could have been heartier than the cheers that rewarded the Earl of Essex and Captain Gilliat for their self-sacrifice; nothing more modest than their simple and appropriate replies.

*The Imperial  
Succession in  
Russia.*

On the very best authority, I am assured that the Czar, in view of the birth of another daughter, is in favour of revoking the present Salic law of succession by an Imperial Ukase. It has been pointed out to His Majesty that not only have Great Britain, Austria, and Holland been great and prosperous under female rule, but that Russia owes her present position in the Council of Nations to the "Grand Catherine." We know that the "Grand Catherine" was not a saint, but she undoubtedly raised Muscovy from an obscure and barbarian State



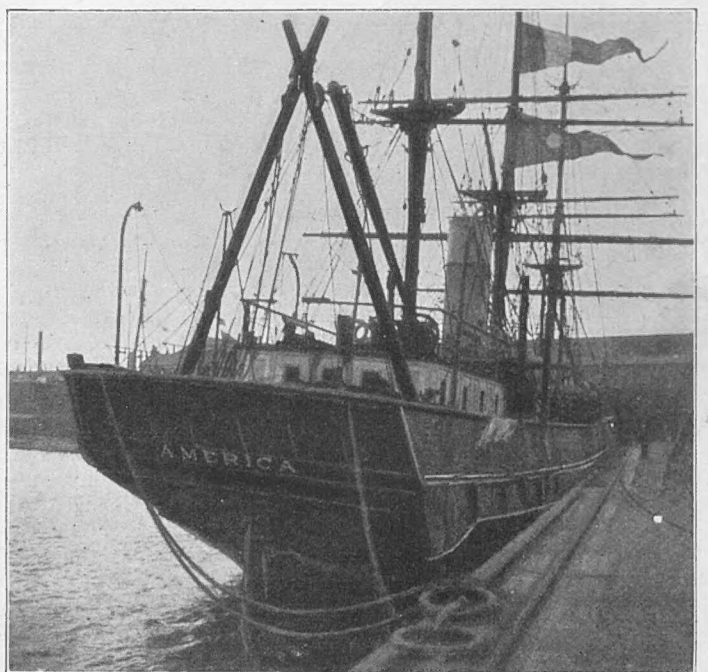
AMERICAN NORTH POLE EXPEDITION:  
MR. EVELYN B. BALDWIN, WHO COMMANDS.

*Photo by Dupont, New York.*



CAPTAIN SLOCUM, MILITARY ATTACHÉ (U.S.A.)  
WITH LORD ROBERTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

"The Sketch's" best compliments to this gallant officer for his warm tribute to the bravery and humanity of Tommy Atkins during the Boer War.



AMERICAN NORTH POLE EXPEDITION: THE "AMERICA."

into a first-class Empire. The Czar has the more readiness to bring about the change because his direct heir-male is feeble in health and altogether averse from becoming an Emperor. Indeed, he it was who prayed that the Czaritza would have a son, "because it would save me so much anxiety."



### Residences of the King's Secretaries.

The King, who has been personally supervising the extensive alterations that are being effected at Windsor Castle, has exhibited special interest in the residences allotted to his Secretaries. Sir Francis Knollys will exchange before long his town residence in St. James's Palace for the Winchester Tower at Windsor Castle. Situated on the northern wall of the Lower Ward, overlooking a fine old terrace-garden, the Tower gets its distinctive title from the circumstance that it was once the residence of the Bishops of Winchester, who acted as Chaplains of the Order of the Garter. The Norman Tower, which has been assigned as the residence of Sir Dighton Probyn, forms the connecting link between the Upper and Lower Wards, and has been occupied both by Sir Fleetwood Edwards and the late Sir Henry Ponsonby. To Captain Ponsonby, Assistant Private Secretary to Sir Francis Knollys, the Garter Tower has been granted by His Majesty. The Tower stretches from the Curfew Tower to Henry the Eighth's Gateway, and looks out on Thames Street. Captain Ponsonby, it may be stated, is a son of the late Sir Henry Ponsonby. He was educated at Eton, and at the age of twenty-seven

### Miss Bokken Lasson.

Miss Bokken Lasson, a Norwegian singer with a fine, rich, contralto voice, made her first appearance in England at the Empire Theatre recently, and met with a most favourable reception. From her grandmother, Princess Soltikoff, of the Russian Royal Family, Miss Lasson has inherited a remarkable linguistic versatility, and sings songs of all nationalities with equal facility to the accompaniment of a lute, which she handles with great ease. She has just arrived in this country from a visit to America, whence she has brought with her some quaint plantation-songs. After her engagement at the Empire, Miss Lasson proceeds to Paris, but we hope to see her back amongst us again in the autumn.



MISS BOKKEN LASSON, LUTE-PLAYER AND VOCALIST.

Photo by Applebee, New York.

The Hon. Walter Campbell, nephew of the Duke of Argyll, who published the other day a book of humorous verse, illustrated by the Princess Louise, is one of the most popular reciters

and story-tellers in Society. Of the habits and doings of the peasantry, Highland and Lowland, Mr. Walter Campbell has a complete knowledge, gained by frequent intercourse, and his quaint tales and admirable imitations frequently brought a smile to the countenance of Queen Victoria, with whom the Hon. Walter Campbell was a great favourite.

### Miss Edith Kirkwood, A.R.C.M.

Miss Edith Kirkwood (daughter of an officer who died some years ago in India, and granddaughter of the late General Pottinger, C.B.), whose portrait is reproduced, gave a most successful vocal recital at the Salle Erard recently before a distinguished and musically representative audience. The programme comprised Italian, French, German, English, and Irish compositions, all of which were sung in a most artistic manner. Miss Kirkwood was educated at the Royal School, Bath, and has studied in Berlin and Paris, and also with some of the best teachers in London. The Royal College Associateship was gained last year by Miss Kirkwood for both solo-singing and teaching. It is evident that this charming young soprano has a good future before her.



MISS EDITH KIRKWOOD, A CLEVER AND PRETTY NEW SOPRANO.

Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.



IT STILL ROOSTS HIGH.

(Sir Thomas Lipton from the point of view of "Harper's Weekly.")

became a Royal Equerry; he was for some years connected with the Coldstream Guards, and he has served in Uganda and South Africa.

### A late Titled Showman.

The Hon. Eric James Lascelles, who, from choice and not of necessity, adopted some time ago the vocation of a travelling showman, and died the other day in a caravan near the village of Chipping Camden, was the youngest of the nine sons of the fourth Earl of Harewood, and the junior of the six half-brothers of the present Earl. As a visitant to country fairs, where of late he exhibited automatic pictures, he was known as "Eric Leith." To those closely associated with him he was always reticent respecting his connections, though it was no secret in the localities he frequented that he was "the son of a lord." Eric Lascelles, who was in his twenty-ninth year, was left a considerable fortune by his father; he had numerous influential relatives and friends among the nobility of the land: nevertheless, he renounced all the advantages and responsibilities of his social position, and, indifferent to the repeated entreaties of his friends, deliberately preferred the itinerant life of a showman.

### A Noteworthy Jubilee.

So notable an event as the celebration this week of the Jubilee, as a newspaper proprietor, of Sir John Leng, M.P., of the *Dundee Advertiser*, cannot be allowed to pass without hearty congratulations from *The Sketch*. Just now, Sir John, prim and alert notwithstanding he is in his seventy-fourth year, spends most of his time in the House of Commons. He still, however, controls the great printing and publishing business he has reared in Dundee during the fifty years he has been connected with that northern town. By strenuous and successful efforts, Sir John Leng, one of the oldest of active Scottish journalists—he is, by-the-bye, a Hull man by birth—well deserved the honour which is his by election this year, that of President of the Newspaper Society.

In spite of the fact that Lord Milner caused an intimation to be put into the papers declaring that all communications intended for him must be sent to his London address, he has been spending his holiday in pleasant fashion and by no means in hiding. But comparatively few people recognised him in orthodox boating-gear at Henley, and yet he was there all the same, thoroughly enjoying the pretty scene and taking an almost boyish interest in the Oxford exploits. It is as yet uncertain whether Lord Milner will be present at the much-discussed Asquith dinner; if so, it will be on the eve of his departure. It is whispered that a great many people have tried to draw the popular Proconsul concerning the "plague of women" of which the world has heard so much; but Lord Milner, though a confirmed bachelor, is the most gallant and discreet of High Commissioners, and it is said that he much prefers giving good appointments to those officials who have wives to accompany them to their new posts.



*Eton v. Winchester.* The picturesque photograph I am pleased to be able to give of the Eton v. Winchester match on the delightful cricket-ground near the silvery Thames at Windsor reminds us gently that the Oxford v. Cambridge at Lord's will be very swiftly succeeded by Eton v. Harrow. This was the seventy-second match between Eton and Winchester, and it took place on June 28 and 29, Eton winning by two wickets. The Hon. A. E. S. Mulholland, with 89 and 38, scored best for Eton, and Mr. A. C. Johnston, with 34 and 71, best for Winchester.

*President Loubet's Holidays.* President Loubet and his family will, it is said, spend the summer at the Château of Rambouillet, making excursions to the family home, which is in the South of France and too far from Paris to permit the President to make a long sojourn there. Rambouillet is, so to speak, at the door of Paris, and allows the President to go into the city for the day and to receive with equal facility. The only other country residence at the disposition of the Presidential family is Fontainebleau, which was occupied by the Carnots. But the brick Pavilion, which alone is open to them, is not fit for an official residence, and it is impossible there to entertain visitors of distinction, to say nothing of the lack of dignity in housing the Presidency in what is only an outhouse to the Palace, reserved in the time of Royalty for the personnel. Rambouillet is more suitable from all points of view.

*The Empress's Tent.* The Empress of China's tent, which she used when she went to T'oung-Ling, has fallen into the hands of the French authorities at Paris, and will soon be on public view. It is said to be one of the art-marvels of the world. The Mandarin of the province presented it to a French Lieutenant-Colonel. The French Government has accepted the Empress's tent from the Lieutenant-Colonel, and is about to spread it, as it were, over the Imperial tomb of Napoleon at the Invalides.

The ducal wedding which closed the Paris social season last week was for the French aristocracy a particularly interesting event. The daughter of the Duke and Duchess de Gramont married the son of the late Duke Jules de Noailles, and the principal witness was His Royal Highness the Duke de Chartres. This is the third time in a space of three hundred years that these two ancient families have intermarried, the first occasion having been in 1687, and each time the principal witness has been a Duke de Chartres. The Gramonts, as is well known, are descended from the Countess de Guiche, favourite of Henry IV., called "La belle Corisande." It was she who raised and sent to Henry IV. on the battlefield a reinforcement, equipped at her own expense, of twenty-four thousand men. In recompense, the King returned to the château of Guiche and deposited at her feet the twenty-two flags taken from the enemy. The bride of this week is named, after her ancestress, Corisande. The present Duchess de Gramont is a Rothschild. The bridegroom is brother-in-law to the Princess Elizabeth de Brancovan, and nephew to the Marquis de Noailles, Ambassador from France to Berlin.

*Kings as Chauffeurs.* It is gravely stated by a Parisian journal that an automobile race between the King of England and the King of the Belgians is contemplated. As the winner would be challenged by every mortal Monarch, except the Emperor of Austria, it might be as well to run it off in heats on the same day and have done with it.

*Queen as Hoarding-Station.* Queen Ranavaloa was very glad to get out of Paris. She was particularly disgusted with a journal that started a subscription to buy her a new dress and gave a list of "puffing" tradesmen who had sent her a new hat, tooth-brushes, hair-wash, and boots. It is hardly the way to treat a Queen, and such an act is no credit to journalism.

*Chartreuse.* It is idle to suppose that the famous Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse may not be transferred from its Alpine home, in view of the oppressive laws against the Associations. A monastery is already being built for the Order, I hear, in Austria,

where some tolerance for religious belief is shown. The Order have sworn that, should they be dissolved permanently and prevented from distilling the famous liqueur, they will never sell the secret.

*'Ware, Réjane!* I am afraid that Réjane is staying too long in London. Her husband, M. Porel, left to solitary reflections away from the charming actress, is contemplating the introduction of the American song-and-dance comedy at the Vaudeville. I suppose it will be all right when Réjane comes back, but the prospect of seeing the great artist throwing Catherine-wheels cooled Paris on its hottest day this year.

*A Mighty Eater.* It is pleasant to be able to teach even the *Figaro* its Paris history. I read (writes an old Anglo-Parisian) the story of Emile, so long famous as *maitre d'hôtel* of Bignon's, and the mysterious diner who ate one shrimp, one radish, two or three spoonfuls of a soup especially prepared for him, a mouthful of sole, a slice from an entire chicken, a nibble at a beefsteak, two leaves of lettuce, four grapes, one glass of the finest wine, and a bottle of champagne that he simply used as the ordinary individual uses rose-water. His lunch never cost less than five pounds, and he always distributed two pounds in tips. The *Figaro* says no one knew who he was. Well, I can put the dots on the "i's" and the crosses on the "t's" to that story. He was an Englishman, and was familiarly known as "Tubby" Morris. He lived at the Grand Hotel, and there he died some years ago. He was one of the rare men who made money out of betting, and this, as he has assured me, simply through attending second-rate meetings and bringing off double events. He could never pull out a newspaper without finding several bank-notes mixed up in its pages. His generosity was proverbial among the poor.



ETON v. WINCHESTER AT ETON: WINCHESTER BATTING.

Photo by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

The question of inventing some scheme to attract the public to the Palais-Royal is again submitted to Paris, and columns are being written about its past glories and its overlooked charms. I am sufficiently Vandal to ask where the charm comes in. It is disfigured by an electric-lighting station, it possesses a fountain that Trafalgar Square would blush at, it is dry and arid, and the air literally reeks with the odour of cheaply priced dinners. It is a monument certainly, and should be respected.

The sale of the relics of the Countess de Castiglione leaves food for the philosopher. Beautiful and rich, she played an important part in bringing about the unification of Italy, and it is more than probable that her influence over Napoleon III. led to the temporary estrangement between the Empress and himself. The latter years of her life were sad and deplorable. The supper-table in her gorgeous appartement in the Rue de Castiglione was never touched, as a souvenir of her last supper with Napoleon. The wine had rusted in the glasses, and morsels of bread and meat had been reduced by years to cinders. When at last she dismissed her servants, and decided to take an appartement over the famous restaurant of Voisin's, so that she might be served without leaving the house, the famous beauty had become an alcoholic wreck.

*Mr. Choate as Host.* Pre-eminent as a humorous, thoughtful, and effective after-dinner speaker, His Excellency the United States' Ambassador is also unsurpassed in geniality as a host. No welcome could be heartier than that which Mr. Choate gave the American and English visitors alike, who thronged his palatial house in Carlton House Terrace on the Fourth of July, and paid willing homage to the admirable representative of the President of the United States—the cheery humorist *The Sketch* had last week the honour of portraying with members of the American Embassy. Lord and Lady Pauncefoot and Sir William and Lady Harcourt were among those present. When he smiles, by the way, Mr. Choate's clean-shaven face reminds one rather of Sir William Harcourt's visage when he is free from political cares. At the invitation of the American Society in London, Mr. Choate attended the Independence Day banquet at the Hôtel Cecil in the evening, and, replying to the toast of his health, cordially proposed by Mr. Hanbury, M.P., made one of his most felicitous speeches, summing up the grandeur of the United States in one particularly eloquent and masterly sentence.



*An Original  
Charity Fête.*

The great Fête which opened yesterday at the Sheen House Club, and which is going on all to-day (July 10), has some very original features. To begin with, the proceeds are not to be entirely devoted to War Charities; the others, notably those connected with hospitals, will be allowed to have a look-in, and, indeed, it is time they did. Again, each Charity wishing to benefit is running its own tent, and Mr. Arthur J. Coke is to be heartily congratulated on the really splendid result obtained by his and his helpers' efforts. The Sheen House Club is a particularly delightful spot, the beautiful old house being surrounded by ideal grounds. There, indeed, may be said to mingle all the more charming features of the social life of three centuries—the eighteenth, the nineteenth, and the twentieth—for while the stately, lofty rooms of Sheen House recall the days when duels were frequently fought on the smooth lawns, a great feature of the Club premises is the motor-car stable, and yesterday many people there wended their way by horseless carriage from Hyde Park Corner, which is under seven miles from Sheen.

Mr. Coke is Secretary of the well-known society entitled Our Dumb Friends' League, and, of course, the Charity in which he is interested makes a brave show, as does also the Horse Ambulance Fund and the



MISS VERA FORDYCE, COMÉDIENNE.

Photo by Madame Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

National Animals' Hospital Fund—both these being under the admirable management of the same clever and energetic gentleman. To every admission ticket—and these, I am glad to see, are priced at half-a-crown instead of the now nearly universal five shillings and half-a-guinea—a voting-paper is attached, to be finally dropped into the ballot-box representing the Charity in which the visitor is most interested.

*Miss Vera  
Fordyce.*

A young and charming comedy actress, who has undoubtedly a future before her when she appears in London, is Miss Vera Fordyce. Educated at a convent and coming of a West Country family which has a strong ecclesiastical tendency, Miss Fordyce is the first of her race who has taken up the profession of the stage; but not the last, for her clever sister is also treading the boards. Miss Fordyce was trained in the excellent school of the late Miss Sarah Thorne at Margate, and has recently concluded an eight months' engagement with Mr. Frank Thornton, playing Norah in "Facing the Music" with marked success. The young actress has also performed many other parts, such as Olive in "The Colonel," Berenice and Mercia in "The Sign of the Cross," Mary Blenkarn in "The Middleman," Ruth Rolt in "Sweet Lavender," Hattie in "Niobe," Dorothy Hubbard in "The Romance of a Shopwalker," Mrs. Sternhold in "Still Waters Run Deep," Jenny in "Sweethearts," Angela in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," and Madame de Fontanges in "Plot and Passion."

*"Like Father,  
Like Son."*

The recommendation of Lord Kitchener that Lieutenant White should receive the Distinguished Service Order must be peculiarly gratifying to the brave Defender of Ladysmith and his charming wife, the more so that their son has earned this distinction as an officer of the 1st Battalion of the "Gay Gordons," with the 2nd Battalion of which famous regiment Sir George (then Major White) himself won the Victoria Cross in Afghanistan more than a score of years ago. It may be recalled that, when her husband was shut up in beleaguered Ladysmith, Lady White had the additional grief of bidding farewell to her gallant son at Southampton, who, after a twelve-month's appointment, was ordered with his regiment to South Africa. Lieutenant White was taken prisoner by the Boers owing to his mistaking them for our own advancing troops; but he managed to escape, and ran some six miles to warn Colonel de Lisle, and advanced with him to the relief of Major Sladen's force, then hard-pressed by De Wet's men in the attempt to retake their convoy. Lieutenant White should have a bright future in store.

MISS JANE MAY (SISTER OF EDNA MAY) IN  
"THE GIRL FROM UP THERE."

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

"Jack's the Boy." The Albert Medal of the Second Class was never more pluckily earned than by the heroic Lieutenant Halton S. Lecky, of H.M. Gunboat *Widgeon*. It is now nearly a year ago that the gunboat anchored in Kosi Bay, fifty miles south of Delagoa Bay, to land troops and stores. This was carried out by surf-boats manned by Malays, and Lieutenant Lecky superintended from the shore. The heavy breakers overturned one boat, containing, besides stores, Lieutenant Gray and a private of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, a trooper of Steinacker's Horse, and five Malays. The Malays and the private, after severe buffeting, swam ashore, but the Lieutenant and trooper, being unable to swim, clung, though almost washed away by the heavy seas, to the upturned boat. Regardless of the sharks swarming about the drowning men, Lieutenant Lecky plunged into the surf, and, though twice thrown back on to the beach, managed at last to bring both ashore. Seeing that the journey had to be repeated, and that both Lieutenant and trooper were unconscious when rescued, the difficulty of the feat was enormous. After some hours' hard work, Lieutenant Lecky restored both to animation.

SOUVENIR OF "FAIR WOMEN" AT THE  
GRAFTON: LADY GROVE.

Photo by Albert Howe.





### MISS DOLLIE—AND THE HOUSEBOAT "MINNEHAHA."

IT was a few afternoons ago, and London was sweltering, peevishly, beneath the summer sun. Here and there, an apoplectic gentleman in a hurry would straighten out his collar and say rude things about the heat; but the majority, conscious of having already anathematised the casual King of the Heavens for turning up so late, just undid another button or threw off another garment and bore his Majesty's impetuous arrival in silence. The idlers, of course, stretched out upon their backs beneath leafy trees, iced drinks to the left of them and a bundle of light literature or lighter muslin to the right of them, said it was a perfect day. The toilers, however, thought, with longing, of a Thames backwater, the scent of fresh grass, and the music of the waves caressing the sides of a moored punt.

At least, I thought of those things myself, and I was one of the toilers. I was striving to write an article about Henley during regatta-week. It was to be original, humorous, and sentimental. It was to treat adequately, and in a short space, of the "classic carnival," bringing to the mind of the reader a sense of frolic by day and poetry by night. But it is difficult to write feelingly about rushes and parasols and love and water-lilies when your eyes are full of dust and your ears ringing with the brawlings of beery draymen. I numbered my slips, tried four nibs, drank some tea, smoked a cigarette—all to no purpose. And then, just as I had made up my mind that the paper must go to press without my article, there came—this:

ON BOARD THE "MINNEHAHA," HENLEY-ON-THAMES, JULY 5, 1901.

MY POOR DEAR OLD "CHIC,"—What a long time it is since I wrote to you! Nearly a year, I do believe; but be very patient and I will, as the ladies who write continued tales in the halfpenny morning papers say, explain my silence. The fact is, there have been so many letters written lately by hysterical Englishwomen and horrid little Elizabeths and people of that kind that I thought it much nicer for you and me to keep out of it. But I have had such a rippingly heavenly time these last three days that I simply must write and tell you about it, because I know you are a sentimental old thing and won't laugh at me if I gush. (By the way, if you publish this letter, please edit all my slang out, because I don't want to be mixed up with that other girl who wrote letters. And, anyhow, mine about the Paris Exhibition were the first, weren't they?)

Well, to begin as far back as will interest you, we had the usual bother to get Papa to take this houseboat that we always have to get him to do anything really nice. He said he didn't think people ought to be junketing when the nation was in mourning and the War in South Africa looked like going on for another five years. But, as Muriel and I pointed out, we absolutely hadn't been anywhere since we went to Paris for the Exhibition, and going to Henley wasn't like going to a ball. I am sorry to say that these sound arguments didn't have much effect, but when the Mater reminded him that they were both getting old, that

the summer of their lives was fast turning to autumn, and that we had been offered the houseboat at a considerable reduction, he grumbled and growled a little and then gave way.

You can imagine how excited and delighted we were. Muriel, of course, being engaged, and all that sort of thing, pretended not to mind very much whether we went or not. She said that, so long as she was with Bertie, she could be equally happy in a palace or a coal-cellar. Dick, my eldest brother, said he had no doubt Bertie could be very happy in a wine-cellar, to which Muriel replied, in her most stately manner, that coarse wit was bad enough, but vulgarity without humour was unpardonable. And then, I think, she was going to give us a quotation out of Tennyson, only the dressmaker called and she had to go upstairs three steps at a time to try on her new frocks.

Anyhow, we all got here, and that's the great thing. Our party consists of just those I've mentioned—the Pater, Mater, Muriel, Bertie, Dick, and myself. Dick thought it would be nice for me if I could have a girl friend to come with us. He said that the prettier she was, the more I should enjoy showing her off. I said that was all very well, but then he would be so lonely, and perhaps he had better ask one of his 'Varsity acquaintances to balance things up. He said he would, but, when we came to talk the matter over with Papa, we found that the plan was not quite what you call feasible.

I'm glad, now, that we're only just ourselves, because the *Minnehaha* is not very commodious—that's the sort of word you use when you want to let an old-fashioned house, isn't it?—and, if three girls have got to sleep in one small bed on a hot night, they are apt to fall out. Besides, I found a nice friend for Dick all ready-made and on the spot. He is an awfully nice boy who goes round in a punt with another man "busking." The other man plays the piano, and my—I mean, Dick's—friend sings awfully pretty songs. I knew he was a gentleman directly I heard him, because he has such nice flannels and wears a mask. Of course, they're doing it for fun really, but they have to collect money just to make people think they're professionals.

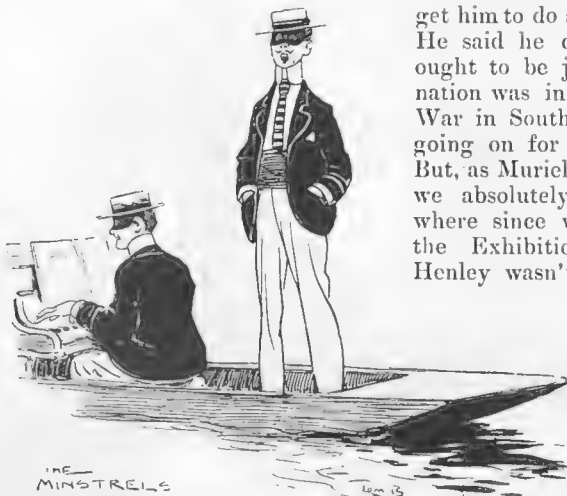
I shan't bother you with anything about the racing, because you can read it all in the papers, and the reporters don't make so many mistakes as all that. Besides,

I think one gets rather tired of seeing boats go by in a hurry, don't you? It's the same thing each time, you know—clear the course, long pause, here they come, who's won, oh, really, let me get you some more tea, and so forth. The first day I got rather excited about the matter, but now I find that all the men look very much alike in zephyrs and shorts and socks, so I don't trouble about them.

But the time I do really like is in the evening, after dinner, when the air is cool and the lights are lit and you can hear soft music all up and down the river. The worst of it is that Muriel and Bertie get very affectionate under those conditions, and they have to have at least half of the deck to themselves. Dick generally goes to see a friend of his on another houseboat further up the bank, where there are some horrid girls with fluffy hair who laugh on top notes. Of course, I pointed out to him how sorry I was that any brother of mine should care for girls who have so much pretence to being ladies that they are obviously the opposite, and he replied by saying that that was a jolly sight better than trying to flirt with a "busking" bounder who would probably get six months if he took his mask off. But, then, poor Dick, you know, was never a very good judge of these little matters. As a matter of fact, he was rather proud at first of having got to know Louis—I believe his name is Louis—and he was awfully pleased with me because I managed it for him. And, whatever he says, Louis sings love-ballads delightfully. Even Mamma, who generally likes a little nap after dinner, stayed awake last night until after the second verse of "A Kingdom by the Sea." It was simply lovely, and I don't mind telling you in confidence that, after I had made Papa put half-a-crown into the little bag thing and the punt had moved on, I went and sat by myself in a dark corner and listened for quite a long time to the talking of the trees and the wind and the stream.

Well, time to go to bed, so I must shut up. Good-bye, old boy. You can publish this if you like, but don't let Master Thomas make any pictures of me. It's such a give-away.—Yours, DOLLIE.

"Hooray!" said I, as I finished the last slip. "The beery draymen may brawl now, and old King Sol may burn and scorch the town as hard as he likes. For my article is written, and I am off to spend a week-end by the river. Who knows? Perhaps I shall come across the *Minnehaha*."







MISS WINIFRED HARE,  
WHO PLAYS STELLA CHARMINGLY—AN.INGENUOUS STAR-PART—IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



## THE BISLEY MEETING.

## FEATURES OLD AND NEW.

ONCE again a year has sped, and we are in the occupation of our canvas city on the sweet-smelling, wind-swept Surrey Common that the National Rifle Association has reclaimed from a waste, and now, all the Empire over, is known as Bisley—Bisley the generic for rifle-shooting, good-fellowship, and many other things that linger in the memory as with a sweet savour. I have just come across a man who last year, at this time, was taking a hand in the settlement of the nation's quarrel with the South African-Dutch Republics, and he has told me

HE "TALKED BISLEY" WITH A MAORI SON OF EMPIRE one bitter night on the russet veldt. They had met previously, and that was in '97, when many of "the Colonials" here for the Diamond Jubilee celebrations held a "shooting-iron" on these world-famous ranges. So Bisley makes for Empire.

Year by year the place has improved wondrously. Twelve times twelve moons have waxed and waned since

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA,

as Princess of Wales, fired the first shot, over the great range known as the "Ninety Butt" range, from a fixed rifle that had been so excellently "laid" by the late Sir Henry Halford that the bullet found its billet right in the middle of the bull's-eye. Time appears to have flown so rapidly that it is difficult to realise, except by contemplating what in the meantime has been accomplished—and then it is easy enough—that it is thirteen years since the last Summer Meeting of the National Rifle Association took place at Wimbledon. Few of the "old hands" without whom Wimbledon would scarcely have been itself are now spared to the competitors and habitués of the Bisley of to-day. Those of us who knew Wimbledon at all and still "go" the meetings of the "N.R.A." were young in those days. The change from the cultivated charms of Wimbledon to the crude barrenness of Bisley was too much for those senior comrades of ours, and, as I write this, I can for the moment think of only one of the really "old hands" who are left to us to placate us when our tempers are ruffled, or perchance with aggravating assertiveness to lay down with grandest gravity principles and theories which may have served well in their time, but are no longer potent, and he, C. F. Lowe, "Queen's Westminster Lowe," has long ceased to be a competitor.

We have scarcely got into our stride yet. Work commenced only on Monday, when the

"EVELYN WOOD" SERIES OF PRIZES

was competed for. This is a "regular" event for which companies of the infantry battalions of the Army are invited to nominate teams of sixteen files each to carry out "attack" practice. It generally works out that Aldershot almost exclusively furnishes the competing teams, and so it was on Monday. The meeting has started well and the

ENTRIES FOR THE CHIEF PRIZES ARE VERY MUCH LARGER than last year. That, however, it must be allowed, was a very bad year indeed, so many of our fellows being prevented paying their customary visit to our carnival by the special emergency camps which the Volunteers were pressed to join. Happily, the occasion for such stringent national measures as then were considered necessary does not now exist, and when the first lists for the King's Prize and the St. George's Challenge Vase closed the entries ran to 1492 for the one and 1418 for the other, increases of 258 and 278 as compared with those of last year. The post-entry lists are correspondingly higher already, so it is expected that by the time the first stages of these series are entered upon the number of competitors will closely approximate with those of 1898 and 1899.

CAPTAIN JOHN BARLOW

has again presented the munificent sum of £250, to which the Association has added £150, for prizes for the encouragement of "Tyros" as competitors at this meeting. A "tyro" is defined as "any member of His Majesty's forces who was not enlisted or enrolled prior to November 1898." I regret, however, to say that the entry has not been very well filled; indeed, a few days ago it was suggested that the competition should be abandoned in consequence. It would be a thousand pities had this been done; but, nevertheless, it is but a poor

return for Captain Barlow's now several times repeated handsome gift that so few young shots can be induced to come forward. In other worlds save those of Volunteering and marksmanship Captain Barlow is well known. He it was who ran Mr. Sheriff-Elect Horace Marshall for the Grand Treasurership of English Freemasonry a few months ago, and who has already intimated his intention of "running" again for the only elective office in Grand Lodge on the very next opportunity.

The influx of the new competitors, members of the recently organised

CIVILIAN RIFLE CLUBS,

has not up to the moment of writing been very marked. It is, however, early yet; but I am assured by our genial and ubiquitous Secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel C. R. Crosse, that the Donagall Challenge Cup and the other competitions restricted to members of Civilian Clubs affiliated to the "N.R.A." are quite satisfactory. We are in the happy position this year of having but few fresh-comers in the personnel or Executive.

SIR HENRY FLETCHER

is with and of us again as Chairman of the Council. Major S. T. Banning is at the head of the Statistical Department once more, and as Assistant-Secretaries we have Captain M. C. Matthews and Mr. E. C. Russell, while Mr. C. Dowson and his assistant, Mr. Phillips, are in the Accountancy Department. Lord Frederick FitzGerald is again at his old post as Chief Range Officer, and, to the surprise and delight of all who knew him, Captain John Hoey has been invited by the Executive to act during the meeting in his old position as Superintendent of Works.

HERBERT A. JONES.

## "SEA AND COAST FISHING."

"Where shall we go for our summer holiday?" is now the cry of thousands, "and what shall we do when we reach the chosen spot?"

One thing to be suggested is sea-fishing, but, to most minds, the term "sea-fishing" merely brings the idea of dangling a hand-line over a pier and catching little eels and dabs, or going out in boats too constant in motion for the comfort of bad sailors. Now, sea-fishing from boats when the rushing pollack, the dashing bass, the writhing conger, and iridescent mackerel are in question gives very fine sport, and is admirably treated in many books, such as John Bickerdyke's "Angling in Salt Water," and his Badminton volume on Sea-fishing; but calm-sea fishing, though dealt

with ably in his works, is nowhere handled as fully as in the new book called "Sea and Coast Fishing," by Mr. Affalo (published by Grant Richards), a great authority, in which estuaries, harbours, and river-mouths are dealt with. Few people guess how many places there are on our coasts at which you may get a good day's sport without caring twopence whether Britannia rules the waves straight or not, and fewer still know how to fish in these sheltered places. In no branch of sport has there been such a sudden development of science as in that of trying to catch the fish that swarm on our coasts. Who would imagine that at Teignmouth, if you know how, you may catch plenty of bass in smooth water—salt-water salmon some people call them, though really they are like huge, vigorous perch, and must be handled gingerly—or that Littlehampton is rich in bass and grey mullet, shy fellows when they grow big? Even the fly-fisher may have his sport casting gaudy flies from rocks and catching bass and the pollack that dives so fiercely for the weeds when hooked that you may have your rod dragged from your hands if taken by surprise, and may get stout salmon-gut smashed even if you are wide awake.

It is a pity that more people do not know what sport our coast offers, sport at a time when the rivers are so low and lakes so weedy that the ordinary angler gets little sport in the fresh water which is so much less invigorating than the salt. Of course, even with the skill of an Affalo, you may get blank days, and the full meaning of the phrase about the tide waiting for no man comes home to you when you find that, owing to the vagaries of the moon, you must be out at 4 a.m. to get the right state of the tide. Moreover, if you wish to have a tussle with a big conger, you ought to go out after dinner and choose a night when there are no stars and moon to rave about. Think, however, of the fun of a "pull, reader; pull, conger!" when the fish is a thirty-pounder and determined to stay at home even if he has taken your bait. The book is well got-up, and contains a great many illustrations, most of them excellent, of fish, fishing-places, and the wonderful modern tackles that are used by the "up-to-date" sea-angler.



NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION: SHOOTING AT BISLEY.



"H.M.S. IRRESPONSIBLE," AT THE STRAND:

THE CAPTAIN AND DARLINGS OF THE CREW.



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS AS PRIME MIRTH-MAKER.

*Photo by Chalkley Gould and Co., Southampton.*



PRETTY KATE CUTLER.

*Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*



MISS FLORENCE PERRY.

*Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*



ARTHUR GETTING HIS SEA-LEGS.

*Photo by Chalkley Gould and Co., Southampton.*



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*Bisley Engaged—Is there a British Navy?—Actual War Conditions—  
“Disappearing Targets”—Beer and Bisley—Wimbledon and Wine*

IMAGINE Lord Dundonald's emphatic endorsement of the Prime Minister's national Rifle Club scheme will make the National Rifle Meeting at Bisley more popular than it has been of late. At any rate, the “Tir National” merits cordial support. A startling innovation of the year is the prominence given to kneeling and prone as well as standing positions, as being more common on the battlefield. And, after all, why should not the possibility of war enter into the training of every soldier? Next year, conscription may have come in and Bisling be compulsory for every male, whether duke's son or cook's son, over eighteen. Or, on the other hand, this new agitation against glorifying the Army at the expense of the Navy may have developed and rifle-shooting be declared a penal offence

would then be asked to hit a thing the size of a man's head behind a rock six feet high at a mile and a-half. An effort would thus be made to interest and amuse the new recruit by some approach to genuine active-service conditions. And the present absurd number of “possibles” would be avoided

As a means to further realism, it is suggested that criminals should be let out of cages and run the gauntlet of the marksmen as “disappearing targets.” In Japan, new sabres or dinner-knives are tested on any odd dogs and cats in the streets. In China, passing Englishmen have rifles tried on them in the course of casual practice. The Boers, in time of peace, are said to make a special study of white flags and ambulance-waggons as targets. The “Hooligan” keeps his hand in on policemen and Government officials in general, which are found to answer every purpose.

In other respects this ridiculous reform mania is carried too far. Our sabres, which caused only a slight local irritation when applied to



MISS CORALIE BLYTHE, THE VERY MORTAL LITTLE WRENNE IN THE VENUSIAN “SILVER SLIPPER,” AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

Songs referring to Tommy Atkins may be called in as being treasonable, Bisley abolished in favour of torpedo-boat regattas in the Solent, and the Islington Military Tournament superseded by a liquid Carnival at Earl's Court for the benefit of a Lifeboat Fund. As a step to encourage the forgotten Navy, Rudyard Kipling could be executed and Clark Russell raised to the peerage. People who have been amusing themselves with Charity Bazaars in aid of supposed disabled Yeomen now entertain their friends instead free of charge at concerts for alleged disused stokers. Sailors in uniform might be lunched gratis by the smart restaurants.

Why are actual war conditions not introduced this year? The competitor should first walk fifty miles in a blazing sun, without food or sleep. He should be inoculated with enteric and well sjambokked occasionally to harden him. He might be wounded from time to time with explosive bullets and left out in the heat without a doctor for a day or two. He could be forced to carry half a sheep, an equatorial telescope, a mincing-machine, parts of a Maxim-gun, a bag of potatoes, and a roomful of furniture for the officers' quarters. All this when already weakened by a course of farewell treatification by the citizens of London and a month's horrible churning in the hold of a ship. He

the skulls of the Boers, are now brought to such a pitch of sharpness that they are dangerous for children to handle. Our rifles, which never hit anything at “the Front” except our own troops, have their sights now arranged to some degree in the direction in which it is proposed to send the bullet. Bayonet *v.* lance contests and the picturesque Musical Ride are becoming quite secondary features of the profession.

The feature of Bisley is really the liquor problem. The enthusiasm of the Temperance Party when the winner of the Queen's Prize has been a consistent lemonade-drinker and has never smoked in his life is equalled only by the joy of the unregenerate over the sinner who tells the interviewer that he smokes his four or five cigars of a night, likes his stiff glass of grog, and can enjoy a good rousing evening with the best of them. As a matter of fact, Bisley is the stronghold of the Anti-Nicotine not the Temperance Party. Perhaps the greatest authority on revolver-shooting says in a book which appeared the other day that, whereas a moderate drinker can be a first-class revolver-shot, a man who smokes cigarettes might as well shut his eyes for any chance he has of hitting anything. Excessive moderation, however, is not necessary for spectating. To the literary man the Press refreshment-tent is really the most attractive part of the meeting.

HILL ROWAN



MISS MOLLY LOWELL AS GILLIAN,  
A FAIR INHABITANT OF VENUS, IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALEY, BAKER STREET, W





MISS MADGE LESSING,  
THE LOVELY AMERICAN ACTRESS ENGAGED BY THE MANAGEMENT OF THE LYRIC THEATRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



MISS MARGARET FRASER,  
THE GAIETY BEAUTY NOW BRIGHTENING THE REJUVENATED "SAN TOY," AT DAILY'S THEATRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, LEBURY STREET, S.W.



## THE ROYAL TOUR: FAREWELL, NEW ZEALAND!

NEW ZEALAND gave a touching—it may be almost said a tearful—farewell to the Duke of Cornwall and York and his kindly Duchess, and their Royal Highness's message to Lord Ranfurly alluded in sympathetic fashion to the very happy time they had spent in the warm-hearted and lovely Colony. The Duke was particularly impressed by New Zealand's fine fighting force, and he is said to have remarked, after the great Review held at Christchurch, that he had never seen, even in Germany, a better-drilled and more soldierly looking set of men than those which defiled so proudly before him.

"KIAMRA!" (THAT IS, "GOOD LUCK!").

As the Royal Squadron slowly passed the *Hinemoa*, a quaint little scene, one of those so often observed at sea, took place. Lord Ranfurly signalled to the *Ophir*, "God-speed! Kiaora!"—meaning in native language, "Good health!" Instantly a return Royal message flashed out: "We thank you for all your kindness. Kiaora!" His Royal Highness, who has always had a considerable gift for languages, made himself master of a good many words of the curious Maori tongue; and, as a conclusion to the last speech delivered by him in New Zealand,

His Royal Highness actually played his due part in opening one of the first railways, stage-coaches were still popular; and even now the older inhabitants of Hobart look back regretfully to this obsolete, and yet how delightful, mode of locomotion. Even in those days—that is, in the 'fifties, 'sixties, and 'seventies—the splendid country lying behind Hobart was famed for its excellent roads, and soon, no doubt, the old posting-houses which remain touching mementoes of a past day will be utilised once more by those of our Colonial cousins who care to import motor-cars from Europe.

## PROSPEROUS HOBART.

Hobart is an exceptionally prosperous and pleasant little city. Australians are fond of declaring that the Tasmanian is by no means as go-ahead as he should be. A drive through the town of Hobart makes a European realise how easy it must be in such a climate and amid such surroundings to remain quite content with the position of things. Still, Hobart is in some ways curiously go-ahead, and there were started the first electric tramways seen in Australia.

## A HEALTH-GIVING COUNTRY.

Tasmania has been called the "Sanatorium of Australia." It is there that the weary Melbourne millionaire goes off a-fishing when tired of



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HOBART, TASMANIA.

on the occasion of the laying of the stone of the Queen's statue at Dunedin, the Duke wound up a really eloquent little peroration with the Maori word of good omen, "Kiamra!"—"Good luck to you all!"

## ROMANTIC TASMANIA.

Tasmania, where the Royal party are now spending some delightful days, claims to have some of the finest scenery in the Antipodes, and even among our ancestors—for Tasman discovered the country over three hundred years ago—legendary stories of its mammoth trees and of its high, snow-capped mountains were current.

## VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Nowadays, Tasmanians are getting over the feeling they once had concerning the naming of their beautiful country "Van Diemen's Land." Close on fifty years ago, the words lost, or should have lost, their ill-omened sound, for in 1853 the transportation of criminals to this most delightful and salubrious of British Colonies was wisely put an end to, and now all trace of the famous Penal Settlements has disappeared.

## A FORMER ROYAL VISITOR.

Nearly thirty years ago the then Duke of Edinburgh spent some exceedingly pleasant days in Tasmania, but at that time, though

money-making and of merely civilised pleasures. To the disciple of Izaak Walton who has plenty of time on his hands there are streams within a short distance of Hobart which will be, even to the much-travelled fisherman, a real revelation.

## A MARVELLOUS BREWERY.

Although Hobart is very proud of the fact that a drunken man is very rarely seen in its streets, one of the most famous breweries in the world—from the connoisseur's and epicurean's point of view—is to be found almost at the gates of the town. The Cascade Brewery has far more than a local fame—indeed, one of Tasmania's most genial and popular Governors once declared that it was worth making a journey from Burton-on-Trent to Hobart simply to be able to spend a happy hour in the cellars of the great Antipodean brewery.

## THE PRESENT GOVERNOR OF TASMANIA.

Lord Gormanston, who has now been ruler of Tasmania for close on eight years, has fulfilled his duties—which, though not onerous, require tact and geniality wedded to an understanding of what a Colonial people require in the representative of England's majesty—exceptionally well. Though his birth took place within a few days of our late venerable Sovereign's Accession, he is still hale and vigorous and a keen sportsman.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK IN TASMANIA.



LAUNCESTON, TASMANIA, FROM CATARACT GORGE.



HOBART, THE CAPITAL OF TASMANIA.





MISS VIOLET LLOYD

AS THE SLY LITTLE SUSAN IN THE MERRY "TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LYDDELL SAWYER, REGENT STREET, 'W.



MISS FLORENCE COLLINGBOURNE

AS THE SAUCY LITTLE NANCY STAUNTON IN THE MUSICAL "TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LYDDELL SAWYER, REGENT STREET, W.



## YORKSHIRE, THE CHAMPION CRICKET COUNTY.

**F**OURTEEN matches played, twelve won, and two drawn was the present season's record of this famous county at the end of June, and no other county could then claim to be within hail. The proud position of Captain is occupied by

LORD HAWKE,

who is also President. His popularity with the eleven is great and well deserved. They are always ready to sympathise with him when he is unsuccessful, and to congratulate him when runs come freely from his bat. His tact and judgment are admitted on all hands. Singularly enough, he belongs not to the county by birth, but is the representative of a Yorkshire family. His connection with the eleven dates as far back as 1881, and he has shared the Captaincy since 1883, when he was a member also of the Cambridge University Eleven, of which he was Captain in 1885. Though not among the top-sawyers this season, he has not done badly in the way of batting.

MR. FRANK MITCHELL,

who was away last year in South Africa, has this season shown capital form, having in first-class cricket reached an aggregate of four figures

J. T. BROWN

is a native of Driffield, and he has played for Yorkshire since 1889, though ill-health kept him out of the team in 1891. He was at the head of the county averages in 1893, and in the following year he showed to even greater advantage. Last season he was very useful, and has by no means done badly this, occasionally rendering assistance with the ball. With

TUNNICLIFFE,

Brown was in 1896 concerned in a memorable performance on behalf of Yorkshire against Middlesex at Lord's. The pair scored 139 together for the first wicket in the first innings, and afterwards won the game by scoring 147 without being separated. Tunncliffe was twenty-five years old when he made his first appearance for Yorkshire, the year being 1891. Naturally a big hitter, he has checked himself in this direction, and last season showed great judgment in the matter of hitting and defence. He has this season scored 145 in an innings, and though not quite so brilliant at short-slip as formerly, he is still a fine field as well as a valuable bat. Denton, as last season, has been somewhat uncertain, though at times useful, and he maintains his excellence in the field. It is, however, to their bowlers that Yorkshire chiefly owe their successes of last year and this. In 1900 it was Rhodes and Haigh who

Tunncliffe. Whitehead. F. Mitchell. Rhodes. Lord Hawke. Hunter. T. L. Taylor. Wainwright. Hirst.



Brown.

Denton.

Haigh.

THE YORKSHIRE COUNTY CRICKET TEAM, 1901.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DURHAMS, LTD., LEEDS.

and played an innings of 162 not out. Mr. Mitchell was a great success for Yorkshire in 1899, when he obtained the highest aggregate for the county. Another amateur member of the team, which has sometimes been wholly professional, is

MR. T. L. TAYLOR,

who was Captain of Uppingham School in 1895 and 1896, and was one of the last of the famous batsmen who learned the art of batting under the eye of H. H. Stephenson. He was the most successful Public School bat of 1896. Mr. Taylor was at his best in 1900, when he scored 1461 runs in first-class cricket, and showed remarkable ability in the matter of getting runs on slow and difficult wickets. He has a very neat and finished style, and is a clean and powerful driver. His first appearance for the county was in 1898.

WAINWRIGHT,

who against Derbyshire, at Glossop, obtained 108 (not out), and might have done better but that the innings was then declared closed, has been a member of the team since 1888, in which year he made 105 against the Australian eleven captained by P. S. McDonnell. He is still a very useful cricketer to Yorkshire, rendering much service as a bowler, and frequently getting runs when they are badly wanted through the failures of others.

rendered yeoman service in this direction, the former taking 206 wickets at a cost of 12.29 runs, and the latter 145 for 14.16 apiece. Wilfred Rhodes, a left-handed slow bowler, came upon the scene in 1897, when Peel retired, and his first season was marked by a greater amount of success than was met with in their opening seasons by either Peate or Peel, two of the best bowlers Yorkshire ever possessed. Rhodes was the most successful first-class bowler last year; he has, so far, done better than anyone this season. Schofield Haigh became a member of the Yorkshire Eleven in 1896, and, as a medium-paced bowler, an energetic field, and a resolute bat, has gained much fame.

G. H. HIRST

is a left-handed fast bowler, a fine, powerful bat, and good field—indeed, a whole-hearted cricketer. In 1892 he made his début, and three years later he took 130 wickets for his county in first-class engagements. In 1896 he made 1122 runs and took 104 wickets, and he bids fair to do much the same sort of thing this summer. Last season his aggregate in Yorkshire's first-class matches was 1752 runs, but in wickets he only just topped 50. It may with some truth be said that luck has this year been with Yorkshire in the matter of wickets and the toss, but there can be no doubt about the excellent character of the team. They have a Captain in whom they place every confidence, and they play the game thoroughly.

## A PILGRIMAGE TO WESSEX: THOMAS HARDY'S COUNTRY.

THE WHITEFRIARS of the well-known Fleet Street Literary Club of that name yearly make one or more "pilgrimages" to some literary district or shrine, and on Saturday (June 29) they journeyed to the land of Wessex on a pilgrimage to some of the best-known scenes which Thomas Hardy has so vividly described in his novels, and to visit the novelist and Mrs. Hardy at their home, "Max Gate," near Dorchester.



MR. THOMAS HARDY,  
THE WORLD-FAMOUS NOVELIST, WHO RECENTLY  
ENTERTAINED THE WHITEFRIARS' CLUB AT HIS  
INTERESTING WESSEX HOME.

From a Copyright Photograph by C. Holland

Wessex—a land still steeped deep in traditions and customs of the past and yet almost mediæval in its "behind-the-age" air—is far too little known as a tourist district for those who love quietude, scenery, and antiquarian interests.

A beautiful land, surely, with a strange blending of the fertile and the rugged, with inland vales luxuriant and picturesque, a coast in places scarcely less rocky than that of Cornwall, swart, heather-clad moors, and swelling uplands crowned with trees which have stood there since Tudor and Elizabethan times. But, with all its attractions, Wessex is essentially a corner of the West for the student, the

artist, and those who love "old, ancient things," rather than for the tourist who wants life and bustle even when taking what he calls somewhat humorously his annual rest.

Never has a land been so carefully and sympathetically enshrined in the printed page as this romantic one of Wessex. Those who love the land can live in it whilst reading the Hardy novels; those who know it not can catch vistas of it in the pages of these Wessex romances. In them is the scenery, the humour of the strange people who inhabit it; the very "characters" one may meet along the wayside or in its farmyards and cottages. Jan Coggan lives because there are other "Jan Coggans" to be encountered; Gabriel Oak breathes because there are others like him tending sheep on Wessex downs and in Wessex fields; Bathsheba we know because her types may be found at Weatherbury to-day. And Tess! She, too, is but the incarnation of a type which exists—despite all assertions by outraged West Saxons to the contrary. Around Shaston other Tesses might be found to-day. Primeval women, and nothing more—survivals of ages untroubled by feminine "problem" novels which did not seek to beg or eschew true human documents. Ages which, whilst ignorant of the somewhat artificial problems of

"The Woman who Did," of "Heavenly (and Other) Twins," of "Mrs. Dane's Defence," and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith," yet managed to produce romances and plays which have survived the test of years, as one is hopeful enough to think will also not a few of the "Wessex Novels."

Pilgrims to Wessex, and others who care to do so, may easily trace many of the scenes of the novels—may journey along the roads trodden by Tess, Bathsheba, Donald Farfrae, Angel Clare, Alec D'Urberville, Henchard, and others. There is the Well-bridge Manor-House of "Tess" standing

the mystic D'Urberville coach (according to surviving tradition) passes with its spectral occupants on one particular night of the year. The Heath so intimately connected with half-a-dozen of the Wessex novels remains inviolate. Then there is, a few miles ahead, the famous Greenhill, with its annual fair, so minutely described in "Far From the Madding Crowd," where Bathsheba found Sergeant Troy disporting himself as Dick Turpin in the circus-tent. And just at the foot of Greenhill is the "half-dead townlet" of Kings Bere, the home of the D'Urbervilles in past ages and the port of refuge of their descendants in "Tess." Not far off is Weatherbury Castle, the site of Lady Constantine's tower in "Two on a Tower." Weatherbury, the home of Bathsheba, is just ahead, and Dorchester, along the road to which so many Hardy characters have in the romances tramped, and Hardy-esque types foot it to-day, is only a long five miles distant. Up the High Street, and one sees the huge bow-window to the room in which Michael Henchard, in "The Mayor of Casterbridge," was giving the banquet whilst outside stood the wife he had sold twenty years before at Weyhill Fair, all unconscious of her relationship to the Mayor within.

Scarcely a mile from the centre of the town stands "Max Gate," where Thomas Hardy has now for so many years lived. Overlooking on the one side the valley, and looking towards the hills which lie between it and the sea on the other, it has fine prospects of the district which is so beloved by its owner. Built upon an old Roman burying-ground, surrounded most probably by the foundations of splendid Roman villas of the age when Dunrovia was an important military base, it is not wonderful that some of the old-time classic spirit should have crept into Thomas Hardy's prose and should have tintured his outlook upon life.

Is it too much to hope that from the quietude of the "Max Gate" study, overlooking the Wessex vales and hills, may yet once more come a pastoral romance, fresh as those fields at spring-dawn, limpid as the brooks which meander through them, strong as the oaks which defy storm and stress upon many a tree-crowned Wessex knoll, instinct with the life of farm and field, to write of which as yet seems no other man's province?

CLIVE HOLLAND.

### SILVER DRUMS FOR THE BRAVE DEVONS.

No regiment has more distinguished itself in the present campaign than the famous Devons. The charge of Colonel Park's battalion, which turned the tide at Wagon Hill, is a matter of history; and Colonel Bullock's gallant men have been scarcely less distinguished for gallantry during the long and arduous operations, though now their commander has been appointed to a higher position. The County of Devon, ever to the front in recognition of the bravery of its sons, is about to present the regiment with eight silver drums, the band round the top of which will bear the inscription, "Presented by the Men and Women of Devon to the 1st and 2nd Battalions Devonshire Regiment, to record the County's Pride in the Gallantry of her Sons." Several of our cavalry regiments have been for many years the proud possessors of silver drums, but I believe the Devons will be the first Foot regiment in the British Army to enjoy this peculiar but well-deserved distinction.



THE MAIN STREET OF "CASTERBRIDGE"  
(DORCHESTER).

just as grim and just the same as it did on the night she came to it on her unhappy honeymoon; the Abbot's grave, in autumn half-filled with leaves, in Bindon Woods, where she was laid by Clare at dead of night. The swart slopes of Egdon Heath are not a half-mile distant from the old Elizabethan bridge spanning the Frome, over which



"MAX GATE," NEAR DORCHESTER,  
MR. HARDY'S HOME.



THE WELLBRIDGE MANOR-HOUSE, WHERE TESS AND ANGEL CLARE  
SPENT THEIR BRIEF, UNHAPPY HONEYMOON.







SHARPSHINS (*to awful fool sitting on horse*): Say, deah boy, why is your saddle like a mule? Give it up, eh? Because it's something between a horse and an ass. See? Ha! ha!



## AN OLD RECKONING.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

[A particular interest attaches to this Story as being the last that the Author wrote before his lamented death.]

## III.



TOM CARDONALD was not a rich man, or one who could afford to eat the bread—or say, rather, in this connection, the wedding-cake—of idleness for many days together; so it had been arranged that, after a brief honeymoon of six days, he should go on with his bride to Bristol, where he had an important engagement. The honeymoon, thus limited or quartered, was to be spent at Torquay, at which pretty place the bridal pair found themselves late on the afternoon of their wedding-day. They discovered quiet quarters in a cosy little hotel close to the sea, and, after having dined together, wandered out for a stroll upon the beach.

The sun was setting beyond the dim and far headlands westward, and casting innumerable prismatic gleams on the crescent azure ring of the sea, which was just touched by a faint, warm shadow of wind, like the glimmer of breath on a bright sword-blade. The heavens were darkly radiant—like, Tom thought, the glorious eyes of his bride as he had sometimes seen them in happy moments. But just then, alas! there was no radiance whatever in Letitia's eyes. Still strange and agitated, almost sullen even, she preserved a demeanour of stolid pain.

Tom knew little or nothing of the world. He had heard, however, that brides were sometimes very nervous or miserable—and very naturally, as they had just broken all the ties of kindred and formed other ties as yet strange and new. His own spirits were so high, his own happiness was so great, that he took the lightest possible view of Letitia's gloom and low-spiritedness. It depressed him a little, nevertheless. As they walked side-by-side on the beach and looked seaward, he turned his loving eyes to hers, and was more than ever surprised at the cold, set trouble of her expression. It was not like a bride's: it was rather like that of a woman who had just seen the light of her whole life go out, leaving her in utter darkness.

He spoke to her gaily and tried to cheer her. She forced a pale, vacant smile, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Are you not happy now?" he said fondly.

"I don't know, Tom," was the reply. "I'm not quite well, I think. It all seems like a dream."

"A blissful dream to *me*, dear! Look how glorious the world is growing in the sunset. I seem to be drinking in new life out of the golden and celestial cup."

The woman shivered, with her dark eyes fixed on the kindling heavens.

"How cold it is!" she murmured.

"Cold, my darling?" he cried. "Ah, you are right; you are not well! Let us go back to the inn."

She put her hand upon his arm.

"Tom!"

"Yes, Letty?"

"Try to bear with me. I know you are good and kind, and I mean with all my heart to try and make you a loving wife. Give me a little time. You see, it's all so strange as yet."

"Of course it is!" he replied, fondly. "Don't think I'm so blind with pride and happiness as not to understand that! It must be strange, and a little sad, leaving one's home and all one loves for the last time. Your brother, too! Poor Dick! he seemed quite cut up at parting with you."

A bitter smile, so faint as to be scarcely perceptible, fluttered across the woman's face.

"I was not thinking of *him*," she said. "Parting won't break *his* heart, be sure of that!"

"Why should it? He knows how much I love you, and he can trust my love."

It was growing dark when they re-entered the little hotel. They were shown up into their private sitting-room, where tea was prepared. When Letitia took off her cloak and hat and sat down to officiate at the table, Tom thought she had never looked so beautiful. The contagion of his happiness had spread to her at last, and she almost smiled. After all, she thought, why should she not try to be happy? Was she not fortunate in so bright and handsome a protector, and might she not, after all, forget all the load she had been carrying and begin a new life?

The window was open, and the warm scent of roses and lilac was blown into the chamber, blent with the breath of the sea. Tom drank cup after cup of tea, stopping only to kiss the hands that poured it.

"It reminds me of the first piece I ever played in," he said, with his arm round her: "'A Cup of Tea.' Have you seen it, my darling? There are only two characters, a young husband and wife. There's a

little storm, you know, in the tea-cup, but it all ends happily—like this!" And, drawing her blushing face to his, he kissed her again and again.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door. As the bridal pair started asunder, the door opened and a stranger entered—a tall, somewhat portly, gentleman in black, dressed in the plain livery of the Catholic priest. A massive brow, a square, bulldog face, black, piercing eyes, and a voice like a trumpet, which said—

"Mr. Cardonald, I believe?"

"That's my name," said Tom, standing erect on the hearth-rug.

"Mine is Canon Williams," returned the new-comer. "Half-an-hour ago, I met my friend, Father Macklin, of Plymouth, who told me that you were here."

What did it mean? Tom looked at his bride. She was shrinking in her chair, white as death, and panting like a hunted thing. Her beautiful face looked wild and haggard, her hands were clenched, and her eyes were turned in fascination, almost in entreaty, on the Canon's face.

"Sir," said Tom, "I do not understand. I——"

But the priest had approached Letitia. Standing over her, he said in a stern voice—

"Then what I have heard is true? Even now I can scarcely believe it. Speak, woman!"

"Sir!" interrupted Tom. "Whoever you are——"

"I'll talk to you by-and-by, my poor lad. Meantime, I wish to hear from this woman's own lips if she has entered into the sacrament of matrimony with you, and if, that being so, you know whom you have married."

"Take care!" cried Tom. "Your clerical dress shall not protect you if you presume upon it and forget that this lady is my wife!"

"Your wife? God help you if this be so! Whoever she is this evening, she has been living for years with Richard Saville, a blackleg and a swindler!"

"Not his sister? Not his sister?" gasped Tom.

Poor fellow, he had only to look at his bride *now* to be aware that his fate was sealed. Her face was distorted out of all likeness and she was shaking like a leaf.

"Look at her, and mark my words!" cried the priest. "She is a Catholic, though an evil one. Three weeks ago, she came to *me*, asking me to bind you together according to the rites of our Holy Church. I refused until she had told you the truth. A few days later, I left for Cornwall. A little ago, Father Macklin informed me that she had been married to you, at St. Jude's, Plymouth, by a Protestant clergyman. I ask you again, sir, has she told you whom you have married?"

Livid with horror, Tom rushed over to Letitia and grasped her by the arm. "Speak! Is this true?"

She did not speak, but, shrinking right down upon the ground, covered her face with her hands. Tom felt the room go round and staggered like a drunken man.

"Not his sister—not his sister! My God!"

And he would have fallen if the priest had not caught him in his arms. He recovered himself, however, in a moment, and stood erect, facing his misery like a man. Then, with a hoarse cry, he moved to the door.

"Where are you going?" cried the Canon, blocking the way.

"Going? Back to Plymouth, to find that man—and *kill* him!"

The woman uttered a shriek, while the priest placed his hand gently on Tom's shoulder.

"My poor lad, be patient! The villain is not worth your anger."

"Be patient!" groaned Tom. "Not when my life is wasted and my heart broken! I loved that woman—I thought her innocent and pure—I—I—God help me! Let me pass!"

He hurled the priest aside and rushed from the house. The woman rose, moaning, with the priest's black eyes fixed upon her, and stretched out her arms in wild and passionate appeal.

## IV.

Long before Cardonald had reached Plymouth, the man he sought had disappeared, and with him his chief accomplice in the dastardly trick that had been played.

He searched high and low without avail. He soon learned enough, however, to convince himself that every word that he had heard was literally true: Mad with rage and shame, the unfortunate young man fell ill, and for many weeks tossed on a sick-bed in a violent fever. A gentle Sister of the Church, sent by Canon Williams, nursed him back to convalescence, but when he recovered he was the mere spectre of his former self.

From a blow so terrible and so unexpected, only one of a far harder nature and coarser fibre could have recovered; on poor Cardonald it fell with a force which left him more or less broken and aged before his time. He made no attempt to rejoin his old companions of the theatre; indeed, he dreaded their mockery, and shrank from such comments as they might make on his folly and infatuation. Leaving Plymouth, he fled to London, and there for some time he led a solitary and wretched existence from hand to mouth.

He told no one of his miserable secret—indeed, he had no friend whatever in whom he could or would confide. About a year later, he changed his name and went to the United States, where he succeeded in procuring an engagement with one of the numerous touring companies.

In the meantime he had heard nothing of the woman who had been the chief agent in his humiliation. She, too, had disappeared, leaving no trace behind her. He made no attempt to trace her, and from that period forward he never saw her face again.

Several years had passed since the time of that strange marriage in Plymouth, and an English Theatrical Company, exploited by an enterprising American, was touring in South Africa. In the course of their wanderings they came to Johannesburg, where they attracted large audiences. They played the usual *répertoire* of English dramas and comedies, and chief among the company, entrusted with the most

than was good for him, for he talked so noisily to his companions as to interrupt the scene then in progress and to awaken the angry murmurs of the audience. Presently he quieted down and watched the stage with heavy, sleepy eyes, until the great duel-scene between Fabien de Franchi and Château Renard, which ends (the reader may remember) with the breaking of the duellists' swords and the employment of the broken blades as daggers to conclude the duel.

The swords were just broken, and the actors were about to use the broken blades in the attack upon each other, when the man in the private box uttered an exclamation and shrank back as if in terror. At that moment, his eyes met those of Rolleston, who was seen to tremble and turn deadly pale; but this agitation was only momentary. The next instant, the actor turned his eyes away, and resumed his part as if nothing had occurred.

A minute later, the man in the box, murmuring something to his companions, had risen, and was making his way tipsily towards the box-door. Suddenly, however, before the audience could realise what was coming, Rolleston had released his fellow-actor, over whom he was brandishing the naked sword-blade, had sprung with lightning rapidity from the stage into the box, had seized the man and dragged him back, and finally, with a wild cry, had plunged the weapon into his heart. There was a shriek from the man, a horrified scream from the women, his



"Look at her, and mark my words!" cried the priest.

varied rôles, was an actor called Rolleston, whose performances, especially in parts demanding power and passion, awoke general admiration. He was known among his companions as a reserved and moody individual who encouraged no intimacy and invited no confidences; he seemed, indeed, to be constantly under the shadow of a secret grief, which he forgot only temporarily when swept away by the excitement of portraying some imaginary character.

Of his past career nothing was known except from hearsay, which reported that, although English by birth, he had gained most of his theatrical experience in America. It was asserted, unhappily with truth, that, although superior to some of the common follies of his profession, he had one secret vice—the habit of taking morphia, under the influence of which he frequently lost his self-control.

One night in late autumn, a large audience was assembled to witness the performance of an old-fashioned drama, "The Corsican Brothers." The actor Rolleston played the dual rôle of Fabien and Louis de Franchi, a rôle for which his stern, clear-cut features, his powerful yet elegant figure, and his power of suppressed passion admirably fitted him. He was enthusiastically applauded from Act to Act.

The play was approaching its conclusion when a party of three persons, a man and two loudly dressed women, paid at the doors and entered the only empty stage-box. The man, although obviously a gentleman, was somewhat roughly attired, in a style familiar in mining-camps up-country. It was immediately evident that he had drunk more

companions, a murmur from the audience, which rose *en masse*, and then, with a groan, the man fell forward on his face, dead. Then, almost before one soul present could realise what had occurred, Rolleston sprang back upon the stage, panting and deadly pale, and faced the audience.

There was a horrified silence, for it was clear that he was about to speak. At last he did so, in a low, clear voice, as follows—

"Ladies and gentlemen, you came here to-night to witness a drama of a villain's treachery and an injured man's revenge. Well, you have witnessed it to the bitter end. For years I have sought the man who lies there dead, and at last I have found him, as you see. He has paid the penalty of his guilt, and I—well, I am ready to answer for my act to God!"

Arrested and thrown into prison, Rolleston made no effort to defend himself or to explain the motive of his ghastly deed. It was clear before long, however, that his mind was shaken, and, when he was brought to trial in due course, his deportment was more that of a madman than of a sane man. The result was that he was acquitted of responsibility for wilful murder, and committed to an asylum as being of unsound mind; and there, some months later, he died.

Few mourned him—no one knew anything of his past life: he passed away unknown in that strange land; but the reader has already guessed that the actor Rolleston was really no other than Thomas Cardonald, whose life had been darkened and blighted for ever by the man on whom he at last took so terrible a revenge.

THE END.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

DR CROLY'S "Salathiel," a book forgotten in this country, has been republished in America and has had a great success, some twenty thousand copies having been sold. It is issued in England by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, with a preface by the author of "Ben Hur," a book of which an incredible number of copies have been sold. The author of "Ben Hur" puts it amongst the six best English novels. This is extravagant, but so sound a critic as Dr. Garnett has said that it is "boldly conceived and may still be read with pleasure for the power of the situations and the vigour of the language, although some passages are palpable imitations of De Quincey." It was warmly praised by George Gilfillan, who was a friend of Dr. Croly. Dr. Croly had a somewhat tempestuous life. He wrote much in magazines and newspapers, published many books and poems, and for a time was a popular preacher in London. He was Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, which he found a solitude but succeeded in filling. He died very suddenly at the end of 1860.

That truly remarkable man, Major Pond—his great stature is only a small part of his greatness—is at present in this country. I believe his principal object is to secure Maître Labori for a prolonged lecturing tour in the United States. The interest in the Dreyfus case has almost entirely subsided, I should think, on both sides of the Atlantic, and it cannot be said that Dreyfus's Diary, recently published, has increased it to any extent. But Maître Labori is sure of an enthusiastic welcome on his own account, for, apart from his connection with the *cause célèbre*, he is one of the most remarkable men in contemporary France. I suppose he will lecture in French, although he speaks English admirably. In America, at least, a lecture in a foreign tongue has an especial interest to a public principally made up of young ladies from various scholastic institutions. Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt are indispensable to American education, and Maître Labori ought to secure a greater success than either of them, for he talks French in a manner which can be understood by anyone who has had a respectable education. Sarah Bernhardt speaks a language of her own which requires a peculiar and separate study.

Major Pond is also, I understand, arranging to bring over to this country in the autumn Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson, who has been one of his greatest successes in the United States and Canada. Mr. Seton Thompson's books on Natural History are already well known on this side, and, considering the increasing interest which is being taken in wild life of all kinds, his projected lecturing tour should be an unqualified success.

Major Pond's volume of reminiscences has been widely read in America, but I hardly think it has reached its deserved popularity in this country. It is a book which no literary man should be without. It is full of discreet indiscretions, and excellent stories about all sorts and conditions of men of letters. But the stories which Major Pond tells for publication are feeble when compared with those which he prepares for private consumption.

As the *Publishers' Circular* points out, the cry of over-production of books in London is not exactly a new one. It reprints a few lines from a satire published in 1625 referring to the booksellers who then dwelt in St. Paul's Churchyard and Little Britain—

## AN INQUISITION AGAINST PAPER PERSECUTORS.

It is no wonder  
That Paul's so often hath been struck with thunder:  
'Twas aimed at those shops in which there lie  
Such a confused heape of trumperie,  
Whose titles each terme on the posts are rear'd  
In such abundance, it is to be fear'd  
That they in time, if thus they go on, will  
Not only "Little" but "Great" Britain fill  
With their infectious swarms, whose guilty sheetes  
I have observed walking in the streetes,  
Still lurking neare some church, as if hereby  
They had retired to a sanctuary,  
For murdering paper.

The Publishers' Congress at Leipzig seems to have been a great success, and it has certainly accomplished a very useful purpose by finally deciding the vexed question of a permanent bureau, a discussion of which has formed a *pièce de résistance* at various Publishers' Congresses for the last five years. The English delegates are anxious that it should not be thought that the Congress was nothing more than a "bean-feast." I have read the account given by Mr. John Murray, and, while it is evident that a lot of useful work was accomplished, I cannot help thinking that the greatest strain, at least upon the English delegates, must have been the succession of banquets and "Bierabends." I read of a great banquet on Monday evening, a concert followed by a sumptuous "peripatetic" supper on Tuesday evening, a "Bierabend" on Wednesday evening, with a banquet thrown in as a kind of *hors d'œuvre*. Thursday seems to have been an off-day, but there was a big dinner at Berlin on Friday. I am afraid the German delegates to the English Congress of 1899 must have been half-starved.

Mr. Andrew Lang makes an interesting confession in this month's *Longman's*. Before he knew what the phrase "Ancient Lights" meant, he saw it boldly placarded on a building during some alterations. He jumped to the conclusion that the building was a tabernacle of "Auld Lights," who had started a mission near Leicester Square and had translated the Scottish term into English.

O. O.

## MORE ABOUT MR. CARNEGIE AND HIS NOBLE GIFTS.

## WHAT MR. CARNEGIE IS DOING FOR HIS NATIVE PLACE.

UNLIKE some other benefactors, Mr. Carnegie has not forgotten the interests of Dunfermline, that thriving West Fifeshire town where he was born. There is the "Lauder Technical School," named after his uncle, Mr. George Lauder, which owes its existence to his munificence; the Carnegie Free Library, and a splendid series of public baths in construction. The latest is an offer to provide a pipe-organ for the old portion of the Abbey Church. The Carnegie Free Library Committee are not spending their available money fast enough, and a cheque for two hundred pounds, bestowed for books last year, is still untouched.

One of their latest gifts, a volume about which Mr. Carnegie has expressed himself in enthusiastic terms, is "The Bibliography of Dunfermline and West Fife," by Mr. Erskine Beveridge, a leading manufacturer in the town. Some three pages are occupied in the book with a list of the different published speeches, pamphlets, and addresses by Mr. Carnegie, including his "Triumphant Democracy" and various editions of his "American Four-in-Hand in Britain." The latest addition is the volume of humanitarian essays, "The Gospel of Wealth," printed at the De Vinne Press, New York, and issued by the Century Publishing Company; in London by Warne and Co.

## THE HUMBLE COTTAGE, No. 4, MOODIE STREET,

where Mr. Carnegie was born, has been purchased by the millionaire; the house still stands at the corner of the street, but some of the other buildings have been removed and an open space created for the recreation of the inhabitants. The lower part of this one-storey cottage in Moodie Street used to be occupied by the four damask-rooms of William Carnegie. The two upper rooms, with the recess between them, have sloping roofs; there are double bed-recesses in both the upper rooms. In the north room Mr. Carnegie was born, in a humble box-bed. The ceiling is about eight feet six inches from the floor, and the room some twelve feet by sixteen. There are tenants below in Numbers 4 and 6, Moodie Street, but the two attic-rooms are empty and in much the same condition as when the Carnegies left for America. Once, when returning thanks to his native townsmen, Mr. Carnegie said that he believed, as the years rolled on, the affection which one felt for the spot on earth where he was born grows in intensity, and that it must, with every succeeding year, become stronger and stronger till the last. This is a fortunate thing for Dunfermline.

## A TRUE ANECDOTE OF MR. CARNEGIE'S CHILDHOOD.

An old Dunfermline gentleman, now seventy years of age, remembers acting as a kind of dry-nurse and playmate to the child, Andrew Carnegie, while his parents lived in Reform Street. One of the town letter-carriers then lodged with Mrs. Carnegie, and, as they frequently received money charged on letters under-franked, or not franked at all, they carried a small bag or purse in which to put the cash received. The lad of seven or eight years of age had been sent to rock the cradle of the future millionaire and to divert him. The old gentleman has a clear recollection of taking the letter-carrier's bag, emptying out the coppers on the seat of a chair, piling these one coin on the top of the other, and then allowing little Andrew Carnegie to take one of his father's wooden spools and knock down the castle of coppers. The little fellow laughed gleefully as the coppers were scattered. Mr. Carnegie has scattered a good deal of coin since then.

Reform Street was, doubtless, quite a good street for a young reformer to be cradled in. "Reform" was then in the air. Lecturers such as Thomas Cooper, author of "The Purgatory of Suicides," and less-known men, harangued the weavers on free suffrage and the points of the Charter. Silk flags were purchased by the weavers, painted by a native artist, and emblazoned by them with emblems and mottoes, while Mrs. Carnegie and her sister, Mrs. George Lauder, adorned the same with hand-flowering in harmonious colours.

## MR. CARNEGIE'S LEGAL ADVISER ON THIS SIDE.

Mr. John Ross, solicitor, Dunfermline, the interim-secretary of the Carnegie University Trust, says that the scheme was serviceable to the secondary schools in this way, that, if students went qualified to the University, they would get free admission, and go through the whole course without having to pay a single penny for fees. Along with Mr. T. Shaw, M.P., also a Dunfermline native, Mr. Ross had a good deal to do with the drawing-up of the deed, which is described as a model of clearness. Mr. Ross is senior partner of Ross and Connell, solicitors, Dunfermline, and acts otherwise as Mr. Carnegie's legal adviser for matters on this side of the Atlantic. He has also assisted Mr. Charles Carlow, managing director of the Fife Coal Company, the originator of the Gothenburg idea for Beath parish, in the working out and extending of the scheme.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

M. PADEREWSKI.

THIS world-famed pianist in his two recent recitals in London fascinated his admirers as he has ever done by his marvellous technical skill and his unrivalled command of style. People hardly know which to admire the most, the music or the man. At the first representation at St. James's Hall, on the 18th of June, the price of seats was raised to a guinea each, and even then the attendance beat all previous records. The great Polish pianist is equally fine in every kind of music. To Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata he imparted all the dignity and tenderness required by the lovely composition, and he gave to the quaint melodies of Haydn and the graceful ideas of Mozart a freshness such as no other of the many pianists of the day could have equalled. As for Chopin, M. Paderewski is in the fullest sympathy with that delightful composer. The second recital was bound to be quite as attractive as the first. His admirers now, with one consent, declare "There is but one Paderewski." Many were hoping to hear his new opera at Covent Garden this season. But I hear that all the plans for the Royal Opera season were settled long ago. "Manru," the opera in question, has met with such success that we are certain to hear the work soon. There is a talk of a special production at a West-End theatre, and it has also been suggested to bring over from Germany the entire company, band, chorus, conductor, and all, now performing it. I hear from a foreign correspondent that the situations in "Manru" are extremely dramatic, and the music equally so. The love-music is particularly effective. Apropos, M. and Madame Paderewski have been making some delightful excursions from town with their friend, Mr. Adlington.

Mr. Adlington has also made arrangements for tours for M. Paderewski from October to the end of December in Germany, Austria, and Hungary. Then, after a week or two's rest, the King of Pianists will start on his Italian tour, visiting the principal cities of Italy. Subsequently, he will make the tour in Spain which had to be cancelled last March on account of the death of M. Paderewski's only child. His plans are uncertain after that: he might even go to Australia or South America.

## THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA

maintains its pre-eminence as the chief centre of musical interest and also as a fashionable rendezvous. On July 2 was produced

## M. ISIDORE DE LARA'S "MESSALINE,"

with a very strong cast—Mdlle. Calvé, Signor Tamagno, MM. Seveilhac, Journet, and Gilibert. The performance was as good as might be expected from such artists, Mdlle. Calvé and Signor Tamagno both being in excellent voice, and exerting themselves to the utmost. The mounting was the same as on the first performance, a couple of years ago, when Madame Heglon and M. Alvarez appeared. The story of "Messaline," though dramatic enough, cannot be told in any detail.

The mounting serves only to aggravate the inherent objectionableness of the plot, and the music entirely lacks melody and distinction. Some exciting effect in heightening the situations it has, but no flow of harmony, no strength of construction, and no happy phrases that might serve to disarm criticism. Altogether, if the story could be deodorised (but that, I fear, is impossible) and the libretti reset, the scenery and dresses, which are beautiful, might remain as they are, and help to achieve a success.

## "LES HUGUENOTS" AT LAST.

Signor de Marchi, whose first appearance here, in "La Tosca," was duly chronicled last month, got the opportunity of showing his rare powers at Covent Garden last Wednesday, when he played Raoul in the long-deferred romantic opera of "Les Huguenots." He is a real tenor, with a powerful and agreeable voice which he knows how to use; and

he achieved considerable success, especially in the great duet, which has seldom in late years been better sung. Mdlle. Lucienne Bréval was an excellent Valentine, and sang and acted convincingly, her tragic cast of countenance aiding much in the latter. Madame Suzanne Adams sang the florid music of Marguerite with great beauty both of tone and execution, while MM. Plançon, Declery, and Journet did well, as usual, though the last-named cannot efface the impression made by M. Edouard de Reszke, who is surely the ideal representative of Marcel. Signor de Marchi sang in Italian throughout, and the rest in French, with curious effect now and then.

Dr. Stanford's "Much Ado About Nothing" is shortly to be performed at the Leipzig Stadttheater, likewise an opera called "Werthers Schatten," by a nephew of Signor Randegger, so long known in this country as a composer, conductor, and teacher. I am glad to hear the Moody-Manners Opera Company has secured the rights of the melodious opera of "Much Ado About Nothing," and will produce it in the provinces during the autumn tour.

## HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of "Songs of

Erin," the new collection of Irish songs edited (from the Petrie collection) by Dr. G. Villiers Stanford, with words by Alfred Perceval Graves.

## THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

was celebrated musically at the Crystal Palace on the 6th inst. The idea appears to have been suggested by Jullien's "British Army Quadrilles." Six hundred and fifty bandsmen took part in the orchestral fantasia, while at given points artillerymen and riflemen accented the music with a tremendous cannonade and musketry-fire. Among other military relics exhibited at the Palace was the identical trumpet upon which the "Charge" was sounded for the Light Brigade at Balaclava.

## SIR A. C. MACKENZIE'S "BALDER."

It is early to speak of the Norwich Festival of 1902, nor should I do so but for the fact that Sir A. C. Mackenzie, the popular Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, will produce his important work, "Balder the Sun-God," at the Festival referred to.



M. PADEREWSKI.

Photo by Marceau, Los Angeles, California.



## MADAME BERNHARDT AT HER MAJESTY'S.

"La Dame aux Camélias" and "La Tosca" are plays well chosen by "the divine Sarah" for last week's work, so as to show almost the whole range of her art, and the result of the choice was most satisfactory. Abundant tears were shed over her performance as the sentimental Marguerite, in playing which she showed a little, and, not quite wisely, the influence of Duse, who tried to elevate the part. Her La Tosca commands horror rather than tears, being terrible, not pathetic, and certainly the actress wrung the nerves of the audience in the vivid torture-scene, the fearful assassination and sudden fit of remorse. The actress this season is quite at her best, and the world recognises her best as *the* best. M. Coquelin, too, is quite a tower of strength as the father in "La Dame aux Camélias," though, perhaps, a trifle cold; for a moment his performance was finely finished comedy; as Scarpia he was melodramatic villain to an intense degree. "Phèdre," "Cyrano," and "Les Précieuses Ridicules" complete the programme, and one need hardly say that the appearance of Bernhardt as the heroine of Rostand's play, a part to which few actresses can give sufficient distinction, is a matter of real importance. Her Phèdre, of course, is colossal, is certainly the Phèdre of our times, just as Coquelin in Molière's brilliant farce is unsurpassable.



M. COQUELIN AS CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

Photo by Paul Boyer.

The luncheon the New Vagabond Club gave at the Hôtel Cecil in honour of Madame Bernhardt—a function excellently managed by Mr. Douglas Sladen, Mr. Carl Hentschel, and Mr. Arthur Diosy—was notable for the attendance of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, the Duchess of Sutherland, and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, in addition to numerous representatives of the aristocracy of talent, prominent among them Mr. Anthony Hope, who made a most eloquent speech as Chairman. Madame Bernhardt's hearty reply, in English, was the briefest on record.

## MISS WINIFRED EMERY'S WELCOME.

Probably the greeting to Miss Emery on her return to the stage after her cruel illness caused a score of the audience to determine to join a profession in which success can win such an intoxicating reward. For the reception was superb, and it would be hard to find a playgoer who did not think it well-deserved. Naturally, her greeting stimulated the actress, and her acting of the part already prettily played by Miss Sybil Carlisle was quite remarkable. As for the piece, one has nothing but congratulation to all concerned in such a success. One may not, perhaps, call it a masterpiece, or, indeed, express enthusiasm as to its quality; but clearly it is just the right thing for the moment, and it gives to Mr. Cyril Maude a part in which he absolutely delights the audience.

## OUR PORTRAITS OF MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS,

as he appears in "H.M.S. *Irresponsible*," and of Miss Kate Cutler and Miss Florence Perry, who so ably assist him in that merry piece of fooling at the Strand, are presented chiefly for the reason that Mr. Roberts and his Company will, in the course of a week or so, have to steer the good (but certainly giddy) ship *Irresponsible* on a more or less perilous voyage, which will land them, if the winds (or, say, the traffic arrangements) are propitious, at a theatre across the road, namely, the Globe. Here they open on the 29th.

## THE STRAND,

soon after Mr. Roberts and Co. quit, will be given up to the submitting of a revised version of Mr. Eille Norwood's droll comedy which was pugilistically entitled "The Noble Art," but which may now be re-named. At the expiration of the season allotted to this piece, the Strand's lessee, Mr. Frank Curzon, may haply produce Mr. George Dance's already provincially successful musical play, entitled "A Chinese Honeymoon."

## MISS MOLLIE LOWELL,

who usually plays the part of Gillian in "The Silver Slipper," played Miss Winifred Hare's part during the past week (in consequence of that lady's indisposition) with marked success.



SARAH BERNHARDT IN "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

Photo by Dupont, New York.

Quite an event of the London musical season was

## MR. SEYMOUR DICKER'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT

given at St. James's Hall a few days ago. Among the distinguished and talented artists who appeared were Miss Maggie Purvis, Miss Minnie Chamberlain, Mr. Courtice Pounds, and Mr. Reginald Groome, whilst Liza Lehmann's famous song-cycle, "The Daisy Chain," was charmingly performed by Mdlle. Marie Titiens, Miss Beatrice McCready, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Mr. Richard Green, Mr. Seymour Dicker himself being at the piano.

## YVETTE AS NOVELIST.

Yvette Guilbert has decided to follow in the wake of Émilienne d'Alençon and write a novel. Yvette knows the back-stairs of Paris music-hall life better than anyone living. She has seen it in all its phases, from the apotheosis when she could demand her thousands of francs before she appeared on the scene, and in those days of tribulation when the artistes wondered whether rent and gas having been paid, a few francs apiece would be left for them in the treasury after the performance. I have reason to believe that her novel, the title of which has not as yet been selected, will follow very closely on the system of Mr. George Moore in "A Mummer's Wife." The plot will be subordinated to a frank and blunt study of things music-hall as they are in France.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*Continuous Inventions—The Matter of Boycotting—Some Unappreciated Improvements—Are Spring-Frames Beneficial?—The Local Repairers—Cyclists and Parliament—The Touring Season—Moderation in All Things—The Wear of a Chain.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, July 10, 9.14; Thursday, 9.13; Friday, 9.12; Saturday, 9.11; Sunday, 9.11; Monday, 9.10; Tuesday, 9.9.

Those who watch the progress of cycling must often be struck by the number of inventions placed before us, to tickle and captivate us into purchase—things, indeed, that on the face look marvellous improvements—and then how mention of them drops away and they pass into the limbo of the forgotten. Hardly a week passes without some new contrivance being advertised which seems a distinct advantage. At one time, the idea came into my mind of utilising one of my machines, and fasten on it, not every crack-brained device, but those little mechanisms which honestly seemed beneficial. Had I persevered with my desire, there is no doubt that wheel would by now be completely smothered under furbelows of inventions. We are a conservative folk, we Britishers, and as slow as anybody to "catch on" to whatever spells change. But, still, if there is any good in a thing, we do take to it, though it may be very late in the day. To quote the old simile, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and when a contrivance is really good it forces its way into attention. In past years, bicycle-dealers certainly retarded development by entering into agreements with certain makers to sell only certain kinds of machines and particular tyres. But that has broken down entirely. A good thing has a fair chance, and I don't believe there is any foundation for the statement in a letter which has reached me from a manufacturer of a particular device that the reason it has not become popular with the cycling world is because of a boycotting conspiracy on the part of dealers not to have anything to do with it. Dealers, like the rest of us, have their faults. But their heyday has gone past and they are really glad of anything that will meet the wishes of their customers.

There is the matter of X-frames. The idea is good, geometrically and mechanically accurate, and the stability is increased. Manufacturers vied with one another in advertising, but, with the exception of those riders who like to have "the latest," they have not become general. Then there is the two-speed gear. I have all along regarded the two- or three-speed gear as one of the finest inventions. Only the man who rides over very variable country, plain and hill, truly appreciates the benefits of a variable gear. It is a nuisance to have a low gear on a level road; it is downright hard work having a high gear on a hilly road. Yet I don't think I am understating it when I say that you do not find a two-speed gear on one machine in a thousand. Then there is the question of spring-frames. I am not enthusiastic about them. I like a taut machine, and I don't believe that the man who rides to any extent is ever made appreciably more tired by vibration. But there are hundreds of thousands of riders who are, quite rightly, willing to sacrifice a little speed for comfort. It may be said you do not lose speed on a spring-frame. I take the contrary view, because, with the decrease of rigidity there must be a certain waste in driving power. The brains of experts are at work to produce a spring-frame with the merits of rigidity. They are, I believe, on the right tack to produce a machine to minimise the shocks. I don't know, however, that I will buy one when such a machine is produced. I confess to liking a fair amount of jolting. There is an idea in my mind that the jolting is beneficial to my liver and digestive organs. It gets the jaundice out of my eye. Yet I'm not going to run down spring-frames. For those that like that sort of thing it is just the sort of thing they would like.

What shall be done to the local repairer? There are good, intelligent specimens of his kind, but, as a rule, he is not a particularly sprightly person. There are not the immense profits to be made out of cycle-repairing there were three years back, but I have noticed that the efficient shops have, nevertheless, still plenty to do. But what a time it takes sometimes to get a repair done! Three weeks ago the free-wheel device on one of my machines went wrong. It had broken, and a new part

needed to be fastened. It would have taken a couple of days getting the repairs from the makers, and perhaps an hour's work fixing. Being a busy man, I asked a local repairer if he would put it right. Certainly, and it would be ready the day after to-morrow! But it wasn't. First, he said the makers hadn't sent the part; then he said he had quite overlooked I wanted the machine so soon; next, he said he had been really too busy. He has had the machine over a fortnight, and nothing done to it yet. Now, if I were the possessor of only one machine, this would be a grievous hardship in this midsummer time. Fortunately, I have other machines to ride. But that doesn't excuse the dilatoriness, or for taking as many weeks as I was told days would be necessary. And yet, if I described how things are done in other countries, I suppose I would be called unpatriotic.

I witnessed the obsequies of the Cycle Carriage Bill in Parliament the other afternoon. This was the Bill nursed and reared by Sir Howard Vincent, and intended to make railway companies carry our bicycles at a much cheaper rate than they do. Months ago, I warned cyclists not to be too jubilant when that Bill was introduced. The joy arose out of a happy ignorance of the ways of the House of Commons and not sufficient appreciation of the power of railways. When, some weeks back, Sir Howard Vincent moved the Second Reading of his Bill, the voice of a railway director was heard shouting "I object!" That checked it. Then, the other afternoon the Second Reading was again down in the name of Sir Howard. But Sir Howard didn't move it. He recognised the impossibility of getting the Bill through; asked for leave that its order be discharged, but hoped, however, that the railway companies would meet cyclists more liberally in the matter of charges. "Bill by leave withdrawn," muttered the Speaker, and that was the end.

The touring season is now in full swing. A month or two ago I gave some praise about several admirable tours arranged by the "C.T.C.," by which one could have a conducted holiday for a round sum. The mention of these tours has, however, dropped out of the *Gazette*. Were they abandoned for want of support? I suppose that is the explanation. The *C.T.C. Gazette* for July is dull. It is printed on much thinner paper than formerly. There are no illustrations. Though there are some Touring Notes, there isn't a single article dealing with touring. It is probably all a matter of expense. The "C.T.C." has ceased to be popular.

There is no doubt we cyclists are often treated churlishly because some of

of us are disposed to be churlish ourselves. The cycling papers have done harm because they have exaggerated the importance of the cyclist as an individual and denounced in novel English anyone and all who have urged that other people have rights. A saner tone is beginning to prevail. The way some cyclists tear along clanging their bells for way to be made is reprehensible. *Cycling*, which is the principal organ of the wheeling world, had a very sensible paragraph last week on bell-ringing. I quote part of it—

Moderation in our methods and consideration for the welfare and the peace of mind of others are virtues that many of us may profitably cultivate. Why, for instance, should an elderly man or woman who is crossing the road be imperatively "belled," as an implied request to either stop or hurry on, so that our course may not have to be diverted? Such a request is a piece of unwonted impertinence upon the part of the cyclist.

To those cyclists who do not care for gear-cases and yet want to keep their chains in condition, I can recommend a little rotary brush to be bought of most agents. It is attached to the frame and lightly brushes the chain as it runs past. Thus, the dust is constantly being removed. I have heard a complaint that the brush wears away the links. But that, on the face of it, is absurd. Writing of chains reminds me of an interesting address I read the other day by the President of the Cycle Engineers' Institute. He pointed out that chains work under the worst possible conditions that any mechanical device having bearings can possibly work under, namely, oil, wet grit, some 110 working joints, 110 working rollers, and 550 separate pieces in all, loaded and jerked alternately from zero to 600 lb. The area of a rivet's working surface, said this expert, is generally .048 of a square inch, and therefore the pressure often rises to 125,000 lb., or over 51 tons, per square inch. These are startling figures that the majority of us never dreamt about.

J. F. F.



PLATT-BETTS BIKING ROUND THE CRYSTAL PALACE TRACK, ON JUNE 29, CLOSE BY THE MOTOR-PACER WITH WHICH HE AFTERWARDS COLLIDED DISASTROUSLY.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*In-and-Out  
Racing.*

Insular prejudice is plainly observable in many of the criticisms, and it is necessary, in the interests of sport, to once more point out that a deal of the confusion in the form is caused through the foreigners being shut in on certain courses. I have noticed that the Americans are hard to beat at Newmarket, where they can neither be shut in nor crowded out. But it is a different matter in rounding the bends of some of the narrow courses to be met with elsewhere. I am not going to give chapter and verse, and can only suggest to the plucky speculators that they should give a thought to the matter before following the Yankees at many places which I could name. Even the redoubtable Tod Sloan could not shine on some of our racecourses, simply because he was often boxed-in and fought in vain for an opening. But study his record on the Newmarket track, and you will at once come to the conclusion, as I have done, that, given plenty of room, he is streets in front of the English jockeys.

*Settling Up.*

I am told that certain book-makers object to owners being allowed to run horses when they have failed to pay their debts of honour. According to the unwritten law of racing, the Stewards of the Jockey Club do not take any notice of betting, yet they do not hesitate to warn defaulters off Newmarket Heath, and the Committee of Tattersall's and the Newmarket Subscription Rooms boast of members of the Jockey Club among their number. I certainly do not think that any man should be allowed to keep horses at the expense of the bookmakers, and every owner should be compelled to pay his betting losses just as he is forced to pay his entries and forfeits. True, under the Common Law of the land, a man could plead the Gaming Acts to get rid of betting liabilities, but the Jockey Club is a law unto itself. It can warn off at will. On the other hand, the remedy lies with the bookmakers themselves. They have only to post a debtor at Tattersall's to get him either to pay or to pay the penalty of not paying. The layers, by-the-by, never will cut the losses.

*The St. Leger.*

I am afraid speculation on the St. Leger will dry up very considerably. At the present time the bookmakers are practically laying even money that Volodyovski does not start. If the colt goes to the post fit and well, it is any odds in reason on his being returned the winner, as there is no use in looking for a Throstle in the race this year. Many people in the North of England actually think that Syneros will be the danger to Mr. Whitney's champion, but the latter, if in his Epsom form, should leave Mr. Vyner's colt down the course. Sam Darling may have a dangerous candidate among his lot, but, unfortunately, Cap and Bells II. is not in the race. Running Stream, who beat Eager last year, may carry Mr. J. R. Keene's colours in the race. She is a smart filly. Four horses the property of His Majesty the King have been left in the race. The best of the lot I take to be Lauzon, the son of St. Simon and Merrie Lassie, who gained such a meritorious victory at Ascot. Lord Quex has disappointed me very much this year. I thought he would be one of the best of his year, but, seemingly, he has trained off.

*'Ware Paralysis.*

As so many sportsmen have given up horse-riding for motoring, I think it my duty to sound a warning note. A well-known doctor told me the other day—quite casually, by-the-by—that, in his opinion, the motor-car craze would in the course of years increase immensely the number of paralysis patients under treatment in this country. His theory, put in a few words and as far as memory serves me, amounts to this: "The man whose brain is highly tried in business of a speculative nature cannot stand the additional strain of his riding in, and perhaps guiding, a motor-car. If he continues

to follow the craze for any length of time, paralysis will supervene, especially if he be not a temperate man." The subject is a bit beyond me, but I mention it for the benefit of those who have worked hard and ridden hard. Perhaps these few words may tend to moderate the craze, which just now is becoming unbearable. I, for one, get quite a shock when I pass, say, half-a-dozen motors.

*Plunging.*

A little coterie of Americans have, it seems, started out to break the English bookmakers. I am afraid that punters will have to depart without the boodle sooner or later, as our professional layers have a happy knack of coming out on the top. Plunger Walton had a great innings in this country, and, if he had only cried content at the end of his first journey, he might have died a rich man; but he, unfortunately, returned to the fight, and came off in the end only second-best. Mr. Grannan had a short but sharp encounter with the English pencilers last year, but he was glad enough to depart for the States without profit long before the close of the flat-racing season. Some of the Americans make money, and lots of it, on the English Turf, but these only bet when they know something and when they have control of the horses they bet upon. But plungers who keep on betting on other people's horses indiscriminately are sure to get done badly in the long run, for the majority of owners do not run their horses for the public.

*Goodwood.*

I am afraid the Glorious meeting to be held in the Duke of Richmond's park will be shorn of some of its glory this year, as there will be no house-party, and we shall sadly miss the presence of Royalty. As I have stated scores of times, for the benefit of the uninitiated, Goodwood is the one meeting where it is possible to bask in the shadow of Royalty, as the House Stand is in the middle of the Grand Stand Enclosure, and although the visitors, as a rule, are not sufficiently ill-mannered to be all the time gaping at the Royal personages, yet they have a good view of all the big people present, and are able to go home and talk of the Royal gowns and trinkets. A friend at Chichester informs me that they have had all the thunderstorms, without a single exception, of late, with the result that the Goodwood course is simply perfect. All the big houses in the neighbourhood have been snapped up for the Sussex Fortnight, so we shall have big crowds at the meeting.

*The Liverpool Cup.*

Unfortunately, the big handicaps set for decision in the North of England have not yielded well of late years, and the market on the Liverpool Cups, Spring, Summer, and Autumn, has been very shifty. More's the pity, for the Aintree executive are liberal with their prize-money, and they deserve racing of the best. The acceptances for the Summer Cup this year are a fairly good lot. If Australian Star and Semper Vigilans go to the post, I shall choose one of the two in my attempt to find the winner. I happen to know that Semper Vigilans was a good second-best for the Ascot Stakes, and I also know that Australian Star was badly left for the Royal Hunt Cup. Both the horses referred to will win big races sooner or later, and it may be that the Liverpool Cup will fall to one of the two. Cap and Bells II. is in the race, but she has plenty of weight; 8 st. 3 lb. for a three-year-old filly is a bit too much to carry successfully over one mile and three furlongs when pitted against good handicap performers. At the same time, if she runs we shall know that Sam Darling rates her high.

CAPTAIN COE.



ALL ENGLAND LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

A. W. GORE (SINGLES CHAMPION), WHO BEAT R. F. DOHERTY IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME BY 3 SETS TO 1.

## NOTE.

The Sketch is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

WITH this sudden influx of hot weather, muslin gowns and chiffons generally of an airy, fairy nature will at last have their innings. The river-girl will arrive at an opportunity of disporting her piqués and flannels on the reaches of the Thames, and summer, in the classic sense, may be said to have at last arrived.

Following the fashion of our modern social system, the weather authorities seem each year to put hot days in the calendar later than the



[Copyright.]

A NEW HAT WITH LILAC.

old-fashioned usage would entirely warrant, and we have actually come into sale-time and the sacrificial ides of July without being able to boast so far of any genuine summer weather. Now, at last, there seems an indication of a welcome and necessary change, however, and it only remains to hope that we may be allowed to take our summer sunshine in such moderation as may be, and be at least spared the spasms and surprises, atmospherically speaking, which have afflicted our cousins in New York for the last purgatorial fortnight.

The river lived up to its best traditions during Henley days last week, while the sport and the frocks were quite in accord—indeed, the flannel-dressed Henleys of the past were distinctly put into the sartorial shade by the efflorescent costumes which disclosed themselves on houseboat, launch, and lawn on either side. The fondness for elaboration into which our dressmakers have educated us of late makes itself apparent in all circumstances and situations nowadays, and many of the Club-tents at last week's regatta might have vied with Ascot as far as smart externals were concerned. Another feature that added to the gaiety of the scene was that people did not think themselves so rigorously bound over to mourning hues as at the aforesaid recent racing function. Smartly coloured muslins, daintily made and embroidered linons, trimmed batistes, and glorified washable garments of all kinds and conditions abounded in pale, pretty colours. Black was naturally not in very frequent evidence, though several of the prettiest possible gowns were made in black muslins spotted with white and plentifully trimmed with lace. A pale-grey linon trimmed with bands of a slightly darker shade made a very successful costume, and a cream-coloured canvas over taffetas, with broad bands of cream-coloured guipure insertion set in zigzags round the skirt and bolero bodice, also gave a very good effect. Another effective dress was in the palest shade of fawn satin-faced cloth with trimmings of guipure d'art and medallions of floral chintz in several shades of biscuit-colour appliqué. Many of these summer gowns had elbow-sleeves and were cut square at the neck, some of these said squares being quite deep and outlined with narrow black velvet ribbons. One of the new fashions in sleeves directs that the material shall be pleated in the arm-hole and caught about six inches below with broad ivory lace insertions. The pleatings are then let loose and tied in again at the elbow, from

whence fall frills of lace or muslin of which the gown is composed. The fashion of sun-ray kilted skirts continues lustily alive, as its undoubted becomingness rightly decrees that it should. One of the very smartest dresses at Ascot was, I remember, treated in this way, being of black crêpe-de-Chine, both bodice and skirt being put through the sun-ray kilted process. A Vandyck collar of beautiful old lace was the only trimming to which the neck was treated; a similar embellishment went round the waist, the points turning upward. The same lace was again applied to the cuffs of the rather full Bishop-sleeves, and, though plain almost to severity, this dress was quite one of the most effective and becoming in the Enclosure.

I noticed an outburst of early autumn millinery on rather different lines from that which has distinguished our summer headgear, the tendency being to wear the hats a size larger and more off the face than we have been doing of late. White gossamer crinolines with wide, waving brims, trimmed with large bows of taffetas, are very pretty, while offering a more solid front to the weather and its varieties than their delicate appearance would seem to warrant. Black and fawn-coloured crinoline toques, in the new and smart shape which has the brim loosely gathered off the face, make useful autumn travelling-hats when smartened with bows of ribbon and quills of gourah-feathers. There is a new sort of particularly firm Brussels net also from which river-hats are successfully evolved. The loosely waved double brims are edged with tiny pearl-straw, while bows of taffetas or ribbon are jauntily arranged in front, with a trail of simple flowers binding the crown. The double brims continue in favour, and, when rendered in burnt-straw



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A BOATING-DRESS OF CREAM SERGE.

with trimmings of stiff ribbon done either *en choux* or tied into bows with a couple of quills drawn through, make excellent and becoming substitutes for the hard-brimmed sailor-hat in which we once faced moor, road, or river. Punting, by the way, has become very much in vogue on the



Thames, and some captious critic suggests that the reason girls have developed such a fondness for it of late is because it shows a good figure, and, by consequence, a well-fitting gown, as no other attitude so effectively does. It is certainly quite noticeable how graceful the river-girl becomes when wielding the pole and conveying lazy friends up or down the byways of old Isis.

Besides writing for information on the perennial subject of clothes, I not infrequently receive letters from correspondents with a thirst for information on the subject of making incomes—that vexed question which besets so many of Eve's daughters nowadays. Millinery and shopkeeping generally is for the most part as overdone as governing was twenty years ago; even the tea-shop idea seems to be worn rather threadbare, if one may judge from the number of tea-drinking booths provided for thirsty wayfarers in all directions, from Bond Street outwards. It has frequently occurred to me that the house-agency idea, though already adopted by one or two ladies, has not been worked for all its worth. It is, to begin with, extremely profitable when a fairly good connection has been worked up, and is, so far, mainly in the hands of the ordinary auctioneer or agent, who, perhaps, does not bring the same zeal or intelligent interest to bear on his clients' requirements that ladies would be likely to exhibit.

The Rose Show in the Temple Gardens was made the excuse for a good many little tea-parties in the Chambers of learned Members of the Law whose rooms overlook the historic Temple Gardens. Thursday, weather was very kind to the function, though some of the tents became unbearably hot about mid-day. The floral tributes were all that could be of the most fragrant and beautiful. I most admired a new variety of dark-red rose, so deep in colour as to look nearly black at a little distance, and there were some pink Persian blush-blossoms with yellow centres that made one think enviously of the lovely gardens where they grew.

The Queen never looked more youthful or charming than when receiving her nurses in the Marlborough House gardens last Wednesday. The blackness of her dress seemed to accentuate her graceful figure, and the gorgeous Oriental canopy overhead under which the King and Queen stood made a highly effective background. Little Prince Edward, who held his grandmother's hand while the nurses filed past, seemed to enjoy the proceedings immensely. The little Prince was afterwards allowed in to tea, at which Her Majesty subsequently entertained the nurses, to several of whom he was duly presented and shaken by the hand.

In Paris, the craze for jewellery in the Nouveau Art style has extended to the toilet- and gem-table as well, ink-stands, toilet-brushes, manicure-sets, and all the trifles that adorn the feminine outfit being rendered in this novel and most artistic manner of moulding metal. Nouveau Art

is distinctly the apotheosis of jewellery, the blending of metals and harmonising colours; and the exquisite forms in which they are produced mark quite an era in the history of this world-old art.

The Parisian Diamond Company, ever to the front with new ideas, are excelling their reputation by the beautiful designs of their latest productions. Their novelties in tiaras, waist-buckles, corsage-ornaments, and other exhibits of gem-setting are well worth a visit of inspection to Bond Street, Regent Street, or the Burlington Arcade, in which several centres of the universe the Parisian Diamond Company is so adequately represented. Some new devices in long neck-chains—a fashion which has smitten the feminine fancy more than most others—are examples of highly finished workmanship, and the pearl dog-collar with diamond

clasps which is also the inevitable feature of the smart woman's evening equipment will be found here in a variety of new and seductive patterns. The pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company are a synonym for lustre and perfection of shape and colour, and, as has been so frequently asserted, they frequently puzzle even experts, since they imitate exactly even the "skin" and weight of the oyster's treasure-trove. The accompanying plate shows some of the latest designs brought out by the Parisian Diamond Company.

Consumers of that expensive luxury, electric-light, will be glad to know of a means whereby they may very considerably reduce the expense of buying lamps, the Renewal Electric Light Company having recently produced and patented a lamp which is renewable at half-price when used up.

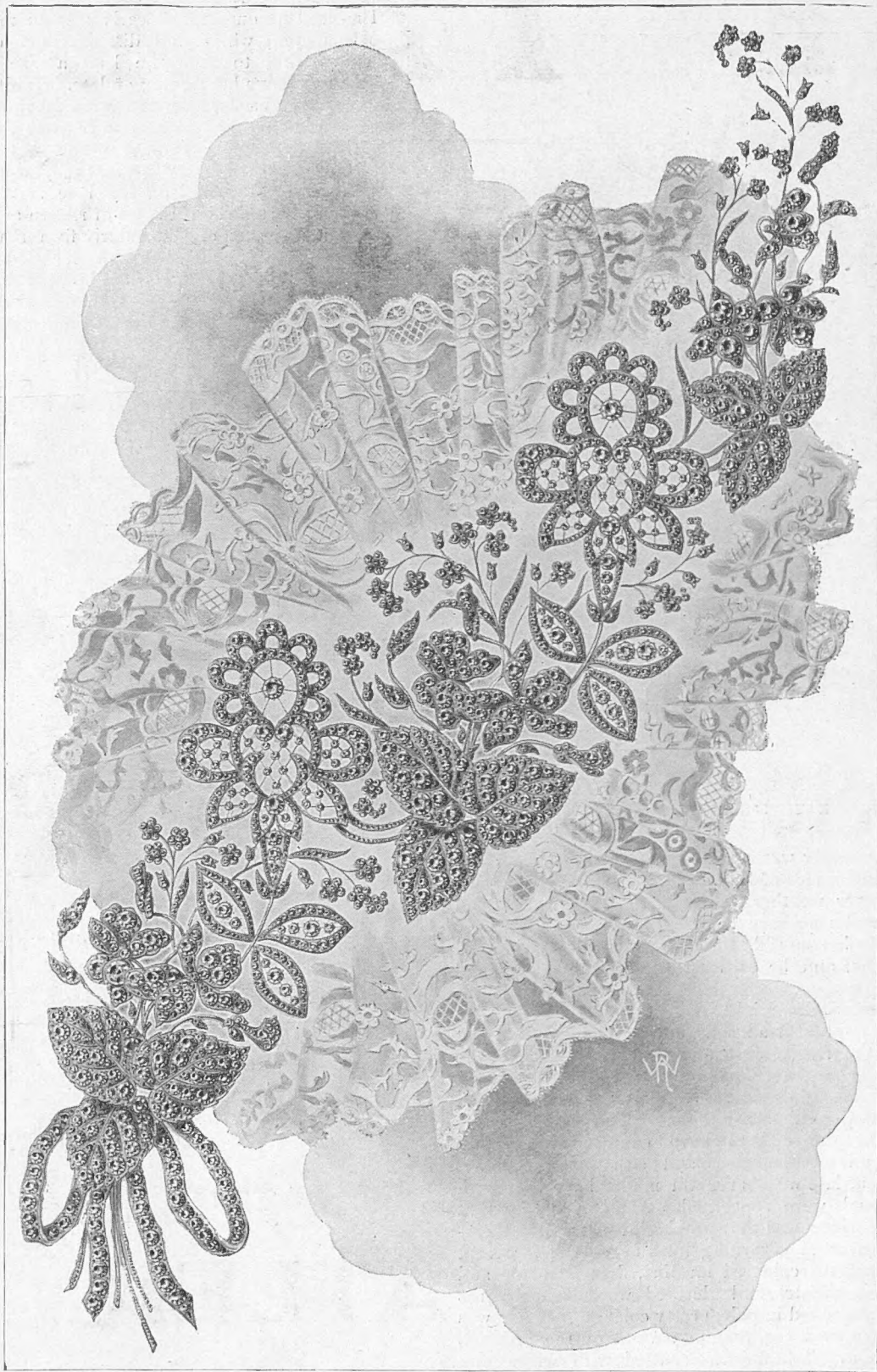
#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

YVETTE (Colchester).—You may be recommended with confidence to the London Corset Company. At the present moment a sale is in progress at 42, New Bond Street, and special bargains are obtainable in satin, brocade, batiste, and all kinds of corsets. SYBIL.

Messrs. Maple and Co., Limited, of Tottenham Court Road, London, and Paris, have been appointed upholsterers to His Majesty.

Intending visitors to Folkestone and Dover during the summer months will

be glad to learn that the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway now run an express train (first, second, and third class) between Folkestone Central and Victoria. This train leaves Dover at 8.55 a.m., Folkestone Central at 9.15 a.m., and arrives at Victoria at 10.50 a.m. On the return journey, it leaves Victoria at 5 p.m., arriving at Folkestone Central at 6.45 p.m., and Dover at 7 p.m. The car-train formerly leaving Folkestone Central at 8.55 a.m. for Cannon Street now leaves at 8.30 a.m., arriving at Cannon Street at 10.5 a.m., passengers from Dover for this train leaving at 8.5 a.m. It returns from Charing Cross at 4.28 p.m. and Cannon Street at 4.36 p.m., arriving at Folkestone Central at 6.27 and Dover at 6.45 p.m. The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway also announce that Kent and Sussex circular-tour tickets are now issued.



SOME OF THE LATEST DESIGNS AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 12.*

## THE MONEY MARKET.

ALL the week, as we anticipated, the markets have been very lifeless, with no sign of any increase of business, nor do we think the present nineteen-day Account is likely to show much improvement. Even Yankees could not withstand the general dulness, and the course of prices in this market has been helped by the bank failures to which we alluded last week.

It looks as if the £30,000,000 syndicate which took up half the last issue of Consols are not in for a soft thing, for they will have to face



MAKING FOOFOO.

holiday markets for the next two months, and then, perhaps, dear money in the autumn. Of course, bulls of Consols have the chance of a favourable turn in South African events, which would give the stock a sharp rise, and it is this prospect which seems to have attracted buyers, for the last Settlement disclosed quite a bull account.

We have dealt so fully with Home Rails in our last two issues that we do not propose to return to the subject on this occasion, except to say that not much movement can be expected until the dividend declarations begin to show whether the forecasts, made by ourselves and others, are more than duly pessimistic.

So many of our readers are interested in Hardebeck and Bornhardt shares that a word or two on the report will be expected. As we have stated on several occasions would be the case, the dividend of 8 per cent. is maintained, and this after writing £3000 off the goodwill and adding nearly a thousand to the carry-forward, which leaves undivided profits of over £22,000, or enough to pay the Preference shareholders their 6 per cent. for the next six years without any further trading. The goodwill item, with leaseholds, plant, &c., stood, before the present accounts were issued, at £70,000; but, as it is the only "soft" item in the balance-sheet, and there is a special reserve of £9000, to say nothing of undivided profits of £22,000 in addition to the £3000 already mentioned, to place against it, no one can say that the company is in anything but a satisfactory condition. The sundry debtors appears large, standing at £103,000, for the bulk of which the company holds security of a solid kind; but, when the expensive nature of the company's saleable commodities is taken into consideration, there is not much to object to. On the whole, the report and accounts appear to us very satisfactory for a jewellery business in a bad year.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Last week we gave a couple of illustrations showing the sort of country through which roads have to be made on the West Coast of Africa, and this time we reproduce photos of the people among whom mining, beloved by the Jungle Market, is carried on. The West African Beauties will, we trust, prove attractive to such of our readers as love to frequent the Gaiety stage-door, and perhaps may induce some to apply for posts of Mining Superintendents at Akim or Accra.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"What is the Stock Exchange coming to?" asked The Merchant blandly.

"Carey Street," responded the cheerful Jobber. "And we go to town every day so as to be near the spot if we are called upon to bankrupt more suddenly than we expect."

"I like your geography and general law-science," smiled The Solicitor. "I only hope that you will never have occasion to know more about the Law Courts than——"

He hesitated, apparently afraid of saying something that might hurt The Jobber's feelings. You see, he was a comparative Stranger. Otherwise——

"Well!" declared The Broker, "if it hadn't been for a lucky spec. of mine at the time of the Yankee panic, I should have run my office at a dead loss this last quarter."

"D'you see any fall in Yankees yet?" asked The Engineer.

"No, can't say that I do," was the reply. "It seems to me that while this phenomenal expansion in American industries in every department lasts"—("What's he quoting now?" softly inquired The Jobber)—"we are bound to see the Yankee Market keep up."

"But is it any use for speculating in? That's what I want to know," said The Engineer. "Are Steel Stocks cheap, for instance?"

The Broker looked somewhat perplexed.

"We will make all allowances for your well-known cautiousness," put in The Merchant. They were all listening now.

"Yes, I *should* buy Yankees even now," The Broker said at last, "and Steel shares with them. I can't help thinking they must all go better. Only, I have been wrong before about Yankees, and I may be wrong again," he added, with refreshing candour.

"But it's my turn now," continued the speaker. "You are always asking me conundrums; suppose I give you one, for a change?"

"Go ahead!" The Merchant and The Engineer spoke together, releasing another Soul from Purgatory. The Banker also seemed willing to be catechised.

"This American revival, as we call it, and the proposed combination of British and Continental manufacturers against it. Is the danger to trade so great as to warrant such an unsportsmanlike proceeding as to form a combination against fair competition?"

Evidently The Broker had provided his teachers with food for thought. The Jobber was the first to break the silence.

"If a combination *were* formed against the Yankees," he considered, "I am willing to take odds that Morgan will buy up all its shares and



GOLD COAST BEAUTIES.

run it as an American concern in connection with his mercantile marine, railroads, and other little things."

"Sir, this is a serious subject," was The Banker's reproof.

The Engineer took the cigar from his mouth, thoughtfully looked at the lighted end, and said——

"To my mind, such a combination against what our friend calls fair competition would be an un-British, and therefore unnatural, thing. If the Americans beat us fairly and honestly—as we are bound to admit they are now doing in several respects—by all means let us admit it, and then see if we cannot pay them back by doing better ourselves."



"Lick 'em off their own stride, in short," suggested The Jobber.

"My opinion is very much the same as that of my learned friend," The Merchant contributed. "So far as I can notice, the American progress is something in the nature of a spurt—or rather, a burst, don't some of you sportsmen call it? Undoubtedly, it is wonderful, but that there's any need for shareholders in Industrial companies to become alarmed I do not for one second think."

The Banker's serious eyes were turned towards The Broker, who gave him the necessary encouragement—

"And you, sir; what are your views?"

"I must own to a slight suspicion of fear," returned The Man of Lombard Street, "of fear lest our Transatlantic cousins may not overdo their finance, if I may be permitted such an expression."

"Certainly," said The Jobber magnanimously.

"Let me endeavour to elucidate my meaning. For the pursuit of his enthusiastic zeal for business, Brother Jonathan may find that the billions of his millionaires are insufficient to stay the trouble which might ensue upon the 'overtrading' of his less wealthy compatriots. The Industrial Bank, the smaller financier, the speculating tradesman—there, it seems to me, you have the nucleus of severe collapse when the present tide of prosperity begins to ebb."

The Broker expressed his approbation of his best client's sentiments; but some of the others had found them long-winded, and The Engineer was overheard saying to The Solicitor—

"Grand Trunk First Preference will go to par in time, no doubt; but Canadian Pacifics are my favourite shares, although they don't pay so much interest—at present."

"They talk of a strike on the Canadian Pacific, don't they?"

"They do, and that is the cloudy factor in their sky for the time being," replied The Engineer. "But the Board is magnificent, and knows how far to go to a nicety."

"Which is more than some of us do," laughed The Jobber. "Look here, Brokie, we have gone past the Mansion House," looking up at the station-indicator.

"Doesn't matter," replied his House friend; "we can get out at—"

"Cannon Street! Cannon Street!" shouted a porter, as the train ran into the platform.

#### A FEW INVESTMENTS.

Several times, of late, correspondents have asked us to give them a list of three or four investments which will yield on an average 4 per cent. or 4½ per cent., and on which they may sleep in peace, and we have endeavoured to supply their modest requirements; but for every person who writes to us, there are, no doubt, ten who require the same thing and do not write, so that it may be useful if we mention four or five suitable securities for quiet people from which a safe 4 per cent., or perhaps a little better, may be obtained. In making the selection, we have endeavoured to spread what risk there is in such a way that under no conceivable circumstances could a total failure of income take place at any given time.

If a thrifty person with a thousand pounds to put out bought three out of the following five stocks, he would probably not regret it—

- (1) Natal or West Australian 3 per cent. stock at 92.
- (2) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary.
- (3) Atchison 5 per cent. First Mortgage at 107.
- (4) Egyptian Unified 4 per cent. at 106.
- (5) De Beers Debentures at 108.

Or for No. 5 substitute Mexican 5 per cent. Bonds, and for No. 4 City of South Melbourne 4½ Bonds at 102. Of course, a much more adventurous list is quite easy to furnish, and perhaps one with a larger scope for a rise, but our readers must not forget that in these matters it is a case of little risk, little profit, and *vice versa*. For a man of ordinary business habits, judgment, and capacity, we see no objection to stocks such as Brazilian 1889 or Western of Minas Railway, Chinese Gold, Grand Trunk First Preference, or Inter-Oceanic of Mexico "A" Debentures, all of which give a good return and look promising. But such things are no use to that large class of persons who get into a panic if their securities drop a couple of points or the newspapers say that the market is weak.

Saturday, July 6, 1901.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. K.—We fear that you will never see your money back, or, indeed, any part of it. In our opinion, Associated Financial and London and Globe shares are worthless. If you can find anyone to give you anything for them, so much the better for you. As to the third concern, its Western Australian properties are hopeless, but it has acquired certain Jungle concessions, and some of these are to be floated off. It is possible that the West African boom may get you home, but we have very little faith! Sorry to give you such small comfort.

JEWEL.—What we think of the report will be found in our Notes this week. At the price you mention, the shares will return 15 per cent.

G. E. K.—We sent you the name and address you ask for on the 4th inst.

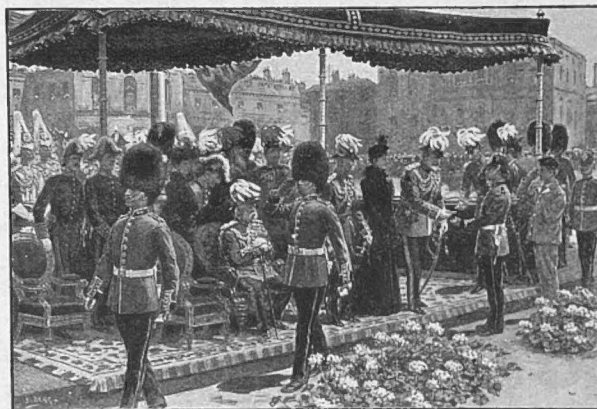
AGNES.—See this week's Notes. We think Nos. 1, 4, and City of South Melbourne Bonds would be best for you.

CELT.—Glasgow is the market for your shares. Consult a broker there. As far as we know, there is no reason to sell.

A NOVICE.—We are not in love with several of the shares you mention. Is safety or the chance of a rise most important to you? We suggest (1) Eley Brothers; (2) Lady's Pictorial Pref.; (3) R. and J. Hill; (4) Russian Oil; and, if you like, the Sirup shares. See this week's Notes also.

#### "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAVURES.

New Illustrated List now ready, free on application to Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, W.C.



H.I.M. KING EDWARD VII. PRESENTING THE SOUTH AFRICAN  
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(With Key.)

A plate is now being made from the original by Mr. S. Begg, and Photogravures will be published this month at 10s. 6d. each; Signed Proofs, limited to 200, at £1 1s. each; size with mount, 30 in. by 22 in.



"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT."—BY S. BEGG.

A few Prints still to be had at 5s. each. Artist's Proofs at 10s. 6d. each; size, with mount, 18 in. by 24 in.

#### MAGNIFICENT REPRODUCTIONS FROM BENJAMIN-CONSTANT'S GREAT PAINTING OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

M. Benjamin-Constant, in passing the first impression from the copper plate, endorsed it with the remark, "Cette épreuve est magnifique; rien à retoucher." Proofs on Japanese Vellum and India Paper are now to be seen at the Office, 198, Strand, W.C.; and intending purchasers of the few that remain are respectfully requested to view these.

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